MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

WHAT SHALL BE THE MONEY CROP?

As it is important for every farmer to sell enough of the products of his farm to furnish sufficient money to pay for the numerous articles he is compelled to buy, the important question is ever kept before him, "What shall be the money crop?" To answer this question correctly is as difficult as it is important, and perhaps there is no portion of the world where it is more difficult to answer than in New England. There are three principal reasons for this. First, the great variety of soils, elevations and depressions. Second, the great variety of products which our climate and the soil will produce in great perfection. Third, the uneven manner in which the population is distributed, creating in some localities a demand for everything that the farmer can produce, while in other localities the demand is limited to such products as can be cheaply and safely transported long distances. Thus it will be seen that while the farmer has a great variety of products to select from, he must not only understand what his particular farm will produce to the best advantage, but he must also ascertain the wants of the market where his products must be sold. Every farmer should make himself acquainted with the peculiar qualities of each piece of land on his own farm, and should become so familiar with the requirements of each crop that he will make no mistake in assigning each to the soil best adapted to its growth. The farmer who has raised himself to a position to understand these points is on the road which leads to success, but, with only this knowledge, success is but an accident; there are other points that follow in close proximity. In our New England soil almost every crop needs some fertilizing material in addition to that which is found in the soil, therefore the placing of the seed in the soil best adapted to its growth is not all that is needed, but the farmer must inform himself as to the character of the fertilizing material which each product requires, and the cheapest source from which he can procure it. In addition to this he must make himself so familiar with the habits and requirements of each crop as to enable him to cultivate in a manner to require the least labor, and secure the best results. The farmer who understands all of these things need not fear but he can successfully compete with his neighbors; but in deciding what crop it is best to grow for market there are still other things to be considered. The farmer must never lose sight of the fact that it is not always the crop that will bring the most money for the labor, that it is most desirable to make his money crop; he must remember that while to sell one crop would rapidly exhaust the fertility of his farm, another crop could be sold which would draw so large a proportion of its substance from the air that the land would be exhausted but very little, if any; for example, if the farmer should sell his corn and his corn fodder, he would require large quantities of phosphate, potash and nitrogen to keep his land up, but if the fodder should be fed to milch cows and only the butter from the milk sold, and the skim-milk and corn fed out to fatten store hogs, selling only thoroughly fatted hogs, the farm would hold its fertility to a wonderful degree, especially if the cows be soil fed. The selling of milk exhausts the land much faster than the selling of butter; there are, however, some locations where the selling of the raw materials from the farm can be made more profitable than the more concentrated; the prices obtained being sufficient to pay a good price for the labor, and leave a balance sufficient to purchase fertilizers enough to keep up the fertility of the land.

In deciding what shall be the money crop, the farmer should not rely on the success of his neighbor, unless the conditions and the surroundings are the same; for while one, by long practice and close observation, may grow a crop with great success, another with equally as good soil, for the want of practical experience, and ability to supply the wants of the particular crop, will make a perfect failure. There are many articles sold in the market that require to be grown to full perfection. If the cultivator does not fully understand his business, he will go into the market with an article below the standard of good quality, and will be obliged to sell less than cost, while he who fully understands his business will go into the market with an article so much above the standard of good quality, that he will obtain a price that will not only pay the cost of labor and material, but will leave a large margin for profit.

A careful examination will convince every farmer that whatever may be his money crop, it must be one the nature and culture of which he thoroughly understands. Some farmers are so situated that they can grow a variety of crops for sale, but as a rule the farmer of to-day finds it for his interest to have one leading crop, and upon that spend his best thoughts and the principal portion of his time. By so doing in a few years he becomes an expert in that particular business, provided he has selected a crop that is well adapted to his land and particular locality. On these points he should make no mistake, unless he wishes to invite a failure.

The crops which a farmer can grow to the best advantage depend not only on the conditions already named, but also on the help which his family can give him. If the help in the house is abundant and efficient, then the manufacture of gilt-edge butter may be made successful; but if the help is small and inefficient, then it would be very unwise to attempt to make good butter, unless a herd of cows was kept large enough to warrant the employment of an expert to make the butter. If the out-door help be large and the boys are attached to the farm, then crops may be grown that require a large expenditure of labor, while if the farmer has to depend on the labor of his own hands, he must confine himself to such crops as require but little labor that cannot be done with the horse.

As no rules can be laid down, each farmer must consult his own surroundings, and select for his money crops such productions as are best adapted to the soil of his particular farm, his own conditions and surroundings.

AGRICULTURE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

It appears from the Report of the Secretary for Agriculture, for the year 1880, for the Province of New Brunswick, that the agricultural condition of every county of the Province is favorable. Potatoes and buckwheat suffered from late frosts in the spring, two of the most important crops of the Province. Some of the new settlements were severe sufferers from this cause, many cultivators, after all their preparatory labor, being almost discouraged. There was more or less frost every month last summer. During the early part of the season great fears were entertained that the crops would be severely injured by the long continued drought, which shortened the hay crop considerably. Otherwise, the season was prosperous, and the crops were above an average.

The farmer in New Brunswick is accounted the most prosperous man in the entire community. Those who make farming their sole business are accounted the best off. It is a common saying there that "those who attend to their farms and do not engage in any other calling, are sure to do well," and the truth of this has been established during the late great depression in trade. The last agricultural exhibition at St. John was a signal success. It showed that the soil of New Brunswick can and does produce wheat, rye, oats, barley and buckwheat of the best quality and heavy weight, while in potatoes, mangolds, beets, carrots, parsnips, squash, tomatoes and celery, the samples shown were all that could be desired. The show of horses, cattle, sheep and swine was a positive improvement over that at former exhibitions, and gave good proof that in this important department of agriculture the Province is making excellent progress. The fine display of agricultural implements occasioned universal remark.

Visitors were surprised to note the great perfection to which the many labor-saving machines have been brought. Many were for the first time impressed with the fact that farming had become a science, and that by the aid of labor-saving machines and implements the drudgery of the farm had become greatly reduced, and farm-life been made to a great extent a pleasure rather than a toil. The farmers are now growing their own bread. New Brunswick is found to be as capable of raising as good wheat as any part of the Dominion. There are sections of the Province in which wheat had been grown for ten years in succession without manure. So rapid has been the development of the agricultural interests of the country that $35,000,000 worth of farm products are exported annually. In his opening address at the Exhibition, Governor Wilmot expressed the belief that the splendid intervales of the St. John and the marshes at the head of the Bay—Westmoreland and Albert counties—are as well adapted to the growth and fattening of cattle as any parts of the world; and no country, he said, possesses better advantages for sheep-raising than New Brunswick.

Prince Edward Island has recently arranged for steam communication to export its abundant agricultural products to the markets of the Old World. The Governor expressed the hope that the people of the maritime Provinces, who had the coal and iron and limestone side by side, would improve their advantages and make their great industries as productive as those of the United States. The Prince Edward Island took hold earnestly of the business of exporting cattle last spring, and so far have found it satisfactory in a pecuniary sense. The Island does not possess mines or minerals, but it can supply food for the populations of the manufacturing cities and towns of the other Provinces. Home markets are thought more favorably of than foreign ones.

It is universally conceded that New Brunswick is principally adapted to agriculture; such as stock-raising and the production of large quantities of beef and mutton. It is well adapted, too, to the raising of grains such as wheat and barley, and especially oats and buckwheat. Fall wheat may be successfully cultivated. It is also a favorable climate and soil for the production of root crops, and in fact all kinds of vegetables may be raised there to perfection. Many parts of the Province are well suited to fruit growing. The apple grows to maturity almost as well as in the Province of Ontario, provided that orchards are sheltered from the northeast winds. Shorthorn and Hereford cattle are recommended to the producer of beef, butter and cheese, and the Hampshire, Oxfordshire or Shropshire Downs to the producer of wool and mutton.

Agriculture, though still in its infancy in New Brunswick, is making such progress of late years as to turn attention away from the forests and the production of lumber in a large degree. The fields are gradually dividing attention with the woods. The latter has usurped the general interest, which must more and more be directed to agriculture. Lumbering is perfectly legitimate as a trade, especially where there is so immense a growth of trees to be found as one sees in New Brunswick. It is in consequence of her forests that the Province today is not in a position equal to that of some of the sister Provinces to meet the demand of the Old World or the New for regular supplies of food. But this is a matter which will set itself right in time. The true index of the real and permanent wealth of a country is to be found in its agriculture. The Province has easy soils to cultivate, deep in staple, and rich in the accumulated fertility of many centuries. Cattle and stock raising is recommended on the very highest authority.

With the exception of Prince Edward's Island, New Brunswick has quite as large, if not a larger, proportion of cultivable soils as any of the Provinces east of the great lakes. The settled portions of the Province are chiefly along or adjacent to the banks of the rivers, or around the bays and inlets of the sea. But there are many millions of broad upland acres not yet appropriated, as good for agricultural purposes as those that are, the dyke and intervale lands excepted. The young settlement of New Denmark was covered, seven years ago, with a dense forest of hardwood, intermingled with pine and other softwood trees; now it is producing abundant crops of vegetables and grain, some of superior quality, and it supports a flourishing colony. The soil is a loam, enriched with the dead foliage of the primeval forest. So it is with Carlton county for agricultural prosperity; and so, too, with the Scotch settlement of Napan, on the Miramichi River. The farms are all well cultivated, and the homesteads bespeak prosperity.

The Province will in good time exhibit multiplied instances like these. The intervale of the St. John and other valleys are accounted among the most valuable to be found in the Dominion of Canada. They lie low in the valleys, sometimes forming beautiful and extensive islands in mid stream, but generally flanking the river on either side. They are annually more or less covered, for a longer or shorter time, by the spring freshets of the rivers, and are as often enriched by the alluvial deposits of mineral and vegetable matter which is left by the subsiding waters. They are generally clothed with a thick sward of rich and varied grasses that grow anywhere on the American continent. These river farms, stretching back from the intervale lands, are well adapted to the kindred pursuits of dairy farming, stock raising, and beef fattening, along with the various cultivated crops.

In a not very long time, the port of St. John city, which is open to navigation through the entire year, should become a highly important outlet for the agricultural productions of the Province. New Brunswick, in truth, has every reason to be satisfied with her agricultural prospects, provided that her opportunities are fairly availed of. Her farmers have every reasonable inducement to improve the breed of their cattle and to develop the resources of their soil. There is need of a thorough improvement in its breed of cattle, the introduction of the Shorthorn breed being most urgently recommended. And the same remark is applicable to the improvement of the sheep.

We acknowledge our indebtedness for a copy of this varied and very valuable report of the agricultural condition and prospects of the Province to John H. Reid, Esq., President of the York County Society, who is an enthusiast in agricultural matters and thoroughly devoted to the development of the agricultural resources and wealth of the entire Province.

Correspondence.

THE NORWOOD GRAPE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

This new and very promising seedling grape originated in Norwood, Mass., and is well adapted to New England, as well as the West. In color it resembles the Concord, but has larger berries and much larger clusters. The vine is a vigorous grower, hardy, and has never failed to mature its fruit. It received the first class certificate of merit from the Mass. Horticultural Society, and from many of the best judges.

In keeping qualities it has no equal, retaining its flavor until April and May, with the same care bestowed upon apples. It clings firmly to the stem, and makes an excellent raisin. It promises to be the grape for the million. There is scarcely a home in the land which might not have an abundance of this luscious healthy fruit. It would save many a doctor's bill. The vines will be ready for delivery next autumn by the sole proprietor. J. W. T.

P. S. The fruit will be exhibited at Horticultural Hall, in its season.

Norwood, Mass.

NUTRITIVE VALUE OF ENSILAGE.

We republish the following statement of Dr. Bailey, by request:

To the Editor Mass. Ploughman:

I have a grade Hereford heifer 2 years old the 20th day of October, 1880, which was fed upon Ensilage from December 3d, 1879, to Jan. 6th, 1880. She had a calf, was milked until October; weighed October 12, 790 lbs. Since then she has been fed 60 lbs. of Ensilage, of which 83 per cent was water, and 3 lbs. cotton seed meal and 3 lbs. shorts, daily. March 28th she weighed 1100 lbs., having gained 310 lbs. in a period of 167 days. Will any of the scientists please rise and explain this fact away, or reconcile their theories to it?

JOHN M. BAILEY.

THE GRANGE.

[Grange Bulletin.]

Since God created the earth agriculture has existed. There is no occupation that precedes it, no order or association that can rank with the tillers of the soil. Before literature existed, before governments were known, agriculture was the first calling of man. The Order of Patrons is the only association that originates, exists and works with its members in their daily avocations. It is part of the farmer's life; it does not call him from his work to put his mind upon any other subject, but tends to recreation in his daily duties, and by cheerful instruction to enlighten and elevate his labor. Its teachings are the loftiest that man can seek. It does not interfere with his religious or political views. In morality it seeks the highest point; honesty is inculcated, education nurtured, charity is a prominent characteristic, temperance is supported, and brotherly love cultivated.

It is designed to bind the farmers together in fraternity, and, by encouraging education, advance to a higher state of perfection the science of agriculture. We aim to encourage the planting of fruits and flowers, by which to enhance the value and increase the attractions of our homes, adorning them with these beauties so lavishly given us by the God of Nature; and there is no calling so elevating to the mind as agriculture, when viewed as instructed in our Order. God, in the beginning, made it honorable, and it is our duty to sustain it as such. Discarding the principles which shut out woman from a knowledge of the mysteries, we open wide the door and bid her welcome. In so doing we claim a precedent—when God said, "It is not good for man to be alone." Ours is a social Order; all can find herein something to enjoy, and we believe there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor. It is from the hand of God. We ask none to join us who cannot see good in their fellow beings; but to all those who have generous hearts and open hands to help the needy, raise the fallen, and willing to aid in making the labors of this life cheerful, we say, welcome to the Grange.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

"EASTER EGGS:"

And a Consideration of Wild Birds' Eggs as Food.

The tradition and history of "Easter Eggs," otherwise called paschal or paste eggs, is well preserved by the French confectioners; they were the most common presents throughout Christendom, where Easter was observed in commemoration of the resurrection of Jesus Christ the third day after Good Friday, it being the first Sunday after the full moon which occurs on or next after the 21st of March, corresponding in season to the passover of the Jews. Hence the paschal is that which fixes the time of Easter. The species of anemone, flowering about the time of Easter, is called the paschal-flower, or pasque-flower; the Paschal Lamb among the Jews was the Lamb slain and eaten at the Passover, a festival commemorative of the deliverance out of Egypt, when the angel passed over their houses and entered those of the Egyptians. Jesus Christ, "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."—Rev. 13, 8.

So much in reference to the reasons for observing Easter, the crowning Festival of of the Christian Church. Easter Eggs are traced in Egypt, Persia, Mesopotamia, Greece and Germany, and are extensively used in Russia as a formal addition to the customary greeting and kiss of peace—"Christus vos Christi." In most cases they are ordinary eggs dyed red, and occasionally tinged yellow, as in the neighborhood of Newcastle, with the furz-blossom or whin-bloom, says an English writer. He continues by remarking that they are variously decorated and inscribed by the simple process of marking them when hot with the end of a tallow candle, and then stripping them with cochineal or other attractive dye. When elaborately designed or engraved, the "Pace eggs" in old English times were preserved in a deep, long-stemmed ale-glass, and kept in the family corner cupboard as love relics or toys for the children. The religious significance of the Easter Egg in its connection with the deliverance from the deluge, the departure from Egypt, the Passover, and the Resurrection, was partially lost sight of in Old England, for the boys used them as they do the cob-nuts in Wiltshire, "to try the conqueror," the winning egg by reason of hardness of shell over many smashed companions, being considered by the boys of the village a tough customer, and accordingly a highly valued prize.

The custom of giving Easter eggs to one's relations and friends is an old one in France and is not likely soon to be discontinued. It has become an expensive matter, as the imitation eggs are very costly, and are made to contain a great variety of fancy costly presents.

The origin of these Easter eggs is said to have sprung from the fact that during several centuries no permission could be obtained from the clergy to eat eggs during Holy Week. The rigid observance of Lent originated the custom of preserving cooked those articles which could neither be sold nor eaten. Before the reign of Louis XIV, they were not colored. It is a matter of history that the first person who sold them red was Solirene, established at the descent from the Pont-Neuf, near the Samaritaine. That innovation had a great success, and St. Simon informs us in his "Memoirs," that the custom was on Easter eve to raise in the Cabinet of the Grand Monarque, pyramids of colored eggs, which his Majesty afterwards presented to his courtiers. Since that period, the community has undergone so many changes that it is no longer eggs properly so called, but boxes with unexpected contents,—jewel-cases, costing sometimes as high as three thousand francs.

Macfarlane, in his "Southern Italy," mentions his observation of a not less amusing than interesting mistake of a hurried tourist, who, tarrying but for a day in Naples during Easter week, made a brief note in his diary, that, contrary to the habit of their species, all the Napolitan hens laid red eggs!

Having rehearsed the traditions concerning Easter eggs, the observance of which just now is becoming very notable in the United States, judging from the display windows in Boston, it is proposed to resume the further consideration of eggs as an

ARTICLE OF FOOD.

Having treated of eggs in a former article as a product of the domestic poultry yard, the attention of the reader is now invited to eggs as an article of diet coming from other sources. The eggs of the

OSTRICH

are notable for their size, weighing three pounds apiece, and are good food, one egg being equal to two dozen eggs of the common hen, and upwards. One writer says an ostrich has been known to lay 82 eggs, each equal to 32 hen's eggs—that is to say, 2,624 of the latter in a season. They are served as a dainty to august personages. They are rich in albumen. The eggs of the

EMEU

are nearly as large as those of the ostrich, and are eaten by the bushmen with great gusto. The flesh is delicious food, and is highly prized by the Australians. The Rhea Americana, the American ostrich, a native of Brazil, lays from 40 to 70 eggs, and like the eggs of the ostrich and the emeu (all of the genera Struthionidae and of the order Struthiones), are considered valuable for food.

Whence all the

"PLOVERS' EGGS?"

quaintly inquires a popular periodical, as "they are seen at dinners, weddings breakfasts, show luncheons, picnics, evening-party refreshment tables, ball-suppers," and placed before the guests in all forms—nestlings in moss, caressingly held in bondage by succulent jelly, pearly and cool, the golden yolk just suggested through the semi-transparent white—being delicious in whatever form they are presented. They are only common during the London season, and the query still remains unsolved, Whence all the plovers eggs? Many of them come from Holland, the Paradise of plovers.

The eggs of

WILD BIRDS

are as a rule generally eaten in Great Britain and this country. In the immediate breeding places of sea-fowls, such as gulls, ducks, wild geese, etc., they are eaten. Owing to their diet the eggs are not particularly delicious, some of them having a fishy flavor. For many kinds of cooking the eggs of wild birds are less valuable, though in the preparation of some kinds of sweetmeats the yolk is only used, where high color and high flavor are both desired. Two wild birds' eggs are deemed equal to three domestic ones. The flavor of the eggs is the result of the food eaten and is contained in the yolk. The number of gulls' eggs sent from the Fern Islands, off the Northumberland coast of England, is quite large, says Cassell.

From the cliffs of Bempton and Flamborough men descend by ropes and get the eggs of the

GUILLEMONT.

A good take, as it is phrased, consists of 200 or 300 eggs at a time. This bird breeds in vast numbers on narrow ledges of rocks, where they sit in rows, one above another. The female lays only one egg, which is very large. The egg gatherers begin about the middle of May, and after nine or ten days they have another successful collecting trip

In high northern latitudes sea-fowl eggs are considered a valuable article of

FOOD.

In Greenland 200,000 eggs of aquatic birds are annually consumed. At Cape Town 30,000 eggs of the penguin are received a day. The inhabitants of the Faroe islands subsist largely on the eggs of sea-fowls. The governors of the isle of Texel have the exclusive right to all the eggs taken there, they having paid a considerable sum to secure this monopoly. It is stated that 400 eggs of the silver gull alone are gathered daily. After St. John's Day the birds are allowed to hatch all the eggs they lay. In the island of Sylt 50,000 eggs of the large gulls are collected annually, and quite as many more of smaller species and of sea swallows. Among the larger species are 10,000 of the silver gull. The collectors of these eggs are employed from eight in the morning until late at night, and they are paid for their services with the eggs of the smaller kinds of birds.

In the island of Bass's Straits a large harvest of eggs of the

DUSKY PETREL

is obtained. The local name is "Mutton Bird," the eggs resemble those of the duck, the average weight being 3 1-2 ounces. The flavor is strong like that of most sea birds. Early in December even women and children are employed in collecting these eggs—one person not unfrequently gathering 500 in one day. As many as 5000 dozen are sent to the port of Launceston by boats, and as many more to the capitol, Hobarttown, by vessels calling at the islands, while large numbers are consumed on the spot; making the aggregate collected about 300,000 dozen annually. A few years ago 1,900 dozen were sent to Melbourne. The aborigines of Australia collect the eggs of wild fowls, and a bark canoe so full of eggs that there is room for only one person to stand in it is no uncommon sight.

The eggs of the

IBIS

are procured in the greatest numbers in New South Wales. They are about the size of the turkey's eggs. The albumen is different from that of any other egg, it being when boiled, pellucid, gelatinous, and fat in appearance, and small in quantity compared with the yolk. It is not very palatable, and is used only, when neither hen's nor duck's eggs can be procured.

Almost incredible numbers of eggs of the

AUK OR RAZOR BILL

are collected on the coast of Labrador. The eggs of the albatros, averaging about 1 lb in weight, are considered delicious by those engaged in the seal fisheries.

The natives of Celebes gather from fifty miles around to a large bay to obtain the eggs of the

MALEE BIRDS,

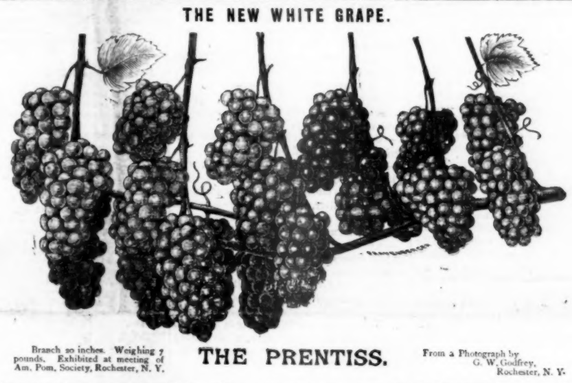
which are deemed a great delicacy, as they are very delicious when fresh. They are richer than the eggs of the barndoor fowl, and of a fine flavor. Each one completely fills an ordinary teacup, and forms, with bread or rice, a good meal. A large lake, called the Hoistermere, between Utrecth and Amsterdam is much frequented by birds. The nests of cormorants and spoonbills are systematically robbed during the months of May and June.

The use of the eggs of reptiles, fish, etc., as aruicles of food may be considered hereafter. L. W.

"BLACK-BREASTED RED GAMES."

The above is an engraving of Black-Breasted Red Games taken from life from the prize breeding-pen of Mr. R. Twells, of Montmorency, Ind. After a long experience (says the excellent *Poultry Monthly*, published at Albany, N. Y., to which we are indebted for the use of the above beautiful illustration,) in breeding all the different varieties of exhibition Game Fowls and Game Bantams, recognized by the Standard, Mr. Twells has finally decided to breed but one variety of Game and one variety of Game Bantams, viz.: Black-Breasted Reds. He has been breeding this strain for eight years, sparing no pains or expense in procuring the best birds in this country and England, and in consequence has brought it to almost absolute perfection. These birds won first and special over all varieties except Asiatics at the Longansport (Ind.) Exhibition, 1881, the only one at which Mr. Twells exhibited this year. He was awarded the following premiums on Black Red Games: Hens, 1st, 2d and 3d; cockerels, 1st and 3d; pullets, 1st and 2d; 1st on breeding-pen; 1st on collection, and all the specials offered on Black Reds. No cocks exhibited. Mr. Twells makes the mating and breeding of Black Reds a *study*, mating according to scientific principle, and in consequence sends out from his yards a large per cent of first-class exhibition birds fit for competition anywhere.

THE NEW WHITE GRAPE.



Branch 20 inches. Weighing 7 pounds. Exhibited at meeting of Am. Pom. Society, Rochester, N. Y.

THE PRENTISS.

From a Photograph by G. W. Godfrey, Rochester, N. Y.

The Prentiss is one selected from a large number of seedlings started by J. W. Prentiss, of Pultney, Steuben Co., N. Y., from seed of Isabella, over fifteen years ago, and is a pure native seedling with no taint of foreign blood. Bunch large, not often shouldered, compact. Berry medium to large, yellowish green, sometimes with a rosy tint on side next to sun; skin thin but very firm. Flesh tender, sweet, melting, juicy, with a very pleasant and musky aroma; free from foxiness; little if any pulp; seeds few and small; very similar to Rebecca in quality but vine a vigorous grower, and foliage very distinct from Rebecca. Foliage healthy, thick, resembling Diana or Isabella, showing its native origin. Vine a good grower and very productive, inclined to overbear, and clusters should be thinned unless pruned close; vine hardy, and buds uninjured with thermometer 15 to 20 degrees below zero. The grape is an excellent keeper. Ripens with Concord.

In speaking of this grape, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder says: "It is excellent, and I think will prove one of the best acquisitions to our white American grapes that we have ever had. It is rich and its Frontignan flavor, which few varieties possess, renders it still more desirable as a delicate fruit."

This grape is under the exclusive control of T. S. Hubbard, of Fredonia, N. Y.

Horticulture.

BLUEBERRIES—WHORTLEBERRIES.

[A. L. Loveland, in Germantown Telegraph.]

The blueberry of New England is a most delicious fruit, growing in great abundance, and varying in size, color and quality from green Marrowfat to Champion of England peas in size, from blue to rather black in color, and from a rich sweet to a rather sour flavor. On moist swales, in plain lands and rocky hills, covered with a few inches of damp soil, a variety of this delicious berry is found on bushes of a few inches to a foot high. A child often picks sixteen quarts in a day. This is the best berry I have ever seen, and can be grown wherever conditions are observed, it being found on all soils from sand to wood and pasture loam. We often mow over fields of them in thick clusters and scattering stems. Indeed, so plenty are they about the farm that a woman will go out and pick a quantity for tea in a few minutes, and they last for a month. Another variety of this berry grows in shady woodlands and swales, on bushes four to six feet high. This fruit is not so large, but is much sought after for its more acid and brisk flavor. Some of the fruit is nearly black. Another variety, which I have never seen described, abounds in a swamp a few miles from here and grows on stout shrubs of large clumps, rising as high as a man can reach and pick, and bearing in great abundance. People come from miles around to get this berry for pies and canning through the month of August. Fruit largest of all the varieties, and mostly black with a bluish bloom. The shrub must have a swamp of muck that is kept wet a large portion of the year in order to do well; it also loves to mingle its roots and branches with other shrubs and trees of the swamp. If this variety could be planted in extensive swamps contiguous to large bodies of water it could be made to be a most profitable crop.

The black whortleberry is common to all New England, covering wide ranges of pasture and mountain country; easily adapted to compact or stony soils, and a most prolific and uniform bearer. In height the bush is from six to eighteen inches; in color the fruit is black. It is used for the dessert, for pies and puddings, is dried for transportation, is canned for the market, or eaten fresh with milk. I have picked a bushel in a single day. All the markets are supplied with an abundance of the fruit throughout August and into September. Families go from the valleys miles away to the mountains for a home supply, while others make a business of picking and selling for from six to twelve cents a quart. People who live in such a berry country gather strawberries, raspberries, currants, blackberries and all the berries before enumerated without any other labor than that of gathering in the fields. English cherries come by middle of June, and the fruit supply runs on with the products of the garden and the orchard till cherries come again. Verily, our lives are cast in pleasant places, and the land flows with fruits, milk and honey.

DIARRHŒA IN CALVES.

[National Live-Stock Journal, Chicago.]

Give, according to size and age, from two to three ounces of castor oil, with a drachm of laudanum. After four hours, and as long as necessary, give twice or thrice daily, the following mixture in one dose: Two drachms of compound chalk powder with opium, one drachm of powdered gentian root, one ounce of peppermint water, and two ounces of starch emulsion. By way of prevention, the animal should have milk in small quantities at a time, and it is best to give it mixed with an equal quantity of flaxseed tea, which greatly tends to prevent the milk from souring or curdling in the stomach, which, causing irritation, produces the diarrhœa.

The Poultry Interest.

TREAT FOWLS GENTLY.

[Poultry World.

The keeping and caring for live stock, including poultry, adds greatly to the pleasures of quiet farm life, but this pleasure may be greatly enhanced by making it a rule to treat them with care and gentleness.

Many farmers keeping a large number of cows which must be driven to water or pasture daily, keep a dog to do the work, instead of a boy, thinking thus to effect a saving, but we think they make a mistake. The extra quantity of milk given by a herd of thirty cows driven by a gentle boy, will more than pay the boy's board, to say nothing of gain in flesh and contentment to the animal, leaving out the dog factor. The drayman who owns a fine, able horse, will not, if he is wise, load him too heavily or flog him often. The same rule applies in as full force to the poultry breeder. Fowls recognise gentleness, and reward it also in a great many ways.

It makes a very great difference whether fowls take wing, and cackle and flutter on the approach of their keeper, or, on the contrary, gather about him, expecting some new favor at his hand, in which they are rarely disappointed. It is best in the arrangement of your buildings, to have this idea of quiet prominent. By beginning aright with the chicks, you will soon have this contented, happy family about you. The pecuniary advantage to be gained by this method is no small item. It will take less feed to put and keep them in condition than when the opposite method is pursued.

While we do not believe that fowls or brutes have sympathy, they have something which very soon recognises a gentle voice or hand. We say, then, that fowls treated with gentleness keep in better condition on less feed. They will lay better, and learn fewer mischievous tricks. The mother-hen will rear a larger percentage of chicks, and the chicks will grow faster and attain a larger size.

☞ Onions are a regular delicacy to all kinds of poultry.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer rough the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by he full name of the correspondent.

SEEDING DOWN.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have about an acre and one-half of land, dry soil, which was planted with potatoes last year, and it yielded well. I would like to lay it down to grass. What seed is the best? oats, barley, millet, or Hungarian?

Cliftondale, April 9th, 1881.

Grass seed sown on dry land in the spring rarely does well; if the seed comes up well, the grain, with which it is sown, shades it so much that it grows very slender, with few leaves, so that when the grain is cut, if the weather is dry, and continues so for several days, the tender and almost leafless plants dry up and die; if a good shower comes as soon as the grain is cut, the result is more favorable. To sow grass seed without any other crop is to invite the weeds to come up in such numbers as to injure the young plants quite as much as a grain crop. It is generally best to sow grass seed in August and September, but if it must be sown in the spring it should be done as early in April as the ground is in condition to plough well, and if sown with grain, barley is much better than oats, millet or Hungarian grass, neither of which should be sown with grass seed. Hungarian grass might be sown in June and a crop grown in time to sow grass seed in the autumn.—[ED.

INDIAN CORN.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Please inform me through the columns of the *Ploughman* what is the best soil, fertilizer, seed, and mode of sowing Indian corn to grow it to the best advantage, and oblige,

A SUBSCRIBER.

East Providence, R. I., March, 1881.

Indian corn flourishes best on a warm, rich, loamy soil, but will grow well in a heavy soil if well drained. The manner of sowing and the variety of seed depends on how the fodder is to be managed, and to the kind of stock it is to be fed to. If it is to be cut up and packed into a silo, the large stalked varieties should be sown in rows at least three and one-half feet apart, and thinned to at least six or eight inches in the row; but if it is to be dried uncut and fed to milch cows, there are some varieties of sweet corn, like Stowell's evergreen, that gives good satisfaction; this may be sown in rows three feet apart, and quite thick in the rows. Good stable or barn manure is good enough for a fertilizer if one has enough, if not, any of the commercial fertilizers which are rich in nitrogen will be found to be good.—[ED.

TROUBLE WITH THE COW'S UDDER.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a young cow that recently lost giving milk from one teat. Can you give me a cure for it? E. P.

Worcester, 1881.

Sometimes the milk from one quarter of a cow's udder is lost by garget which usually destroys the function of it to such an extent that it never after recovers it. But more frequently it is caused by some obstruction at the orifice of the teat, which if attended to before that portion of the udder has dried up, a cure may be effected by a sharp two-edged lance, one-eighth of an inch wide, with a half inch of the point made round, the size of the knitting needle; a good one can be ground into the proper form from a narrow blade of a penknife. By holding the affected teat in the left hand firmly, and thrusting gently the small round point of the instrument described above through the orifice of the teat followed by the lance part for three-quarters of an inch more, then the milk will pass without difficulty. If however, that quarter of the udder has dried up, this operation should be deferred until the cow has her next calf.

This may seem a harsh remedy, but it is not, for the end of the teat is composed of a gristly substance very suitable for a valve to hold the milk from wasting, but it is not sensitive, and the operation does not appear to cause much pain, as cows do not usually flinch in the operation. Hard milking cows treated in this way may be much improved. —[ED.

AMERICAN SUMAC.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Please inform me through the *Ploughman* what American Sumac is worth per hundred or ton, if there is any demand for the same, also if used most for tanning leather, or for dyes in printing cloths, and how in value compared with imported sumac, how prepared for market—and anything relating to the same, and oblige, A. C.

East Brimfield, Mass., 1881.

There are many varieties of Sumac, each variety having different properties. The tanner's sumac (*Rhus coriovia*) is a native of Southern Europe; is extensively cultivated in Spain and Portugal for its young shoots, which are ground and employed in tanning, and is used in the preparation of Turkey leather. The bark of *R glabra* is used as a mordant for red colors. The wood of *R cotinus* under the name of young fustic is used in dying bright yellow. The *R metopium* yields a gum which has powerful emetic, purgative, and diuretic qualities; the root of the stag's horn sumac is administered in fevers; and the juice of the poison sumac stains linen an indelible brown, and some varieties are used to make varnish, by extracting the juice from the young twigs.

A. C. should first ascertain the variety he has and then he can ascertain its value. There are quite a number of American varieties, the names of which can be easily learned by consulting works on botany, which can be found in almost every public library.—[ED.

☞ Dr. C. A. Greene, Lancaster, Penn. took the sensible ground, in a recent address, that a tight check-rein is cruel, blinders a relic of barbarism, and the crupper undesirable with the majority of horses.

☞ As a beef animal the Devon is in the first class. He fattens readily, has compact bones, and therefore a small amount of waste, while the flesh is of the finest quality and well laid on. The Devons are well recommended for workers and for beef, but not for milk.

☞ A man should never undertake to control a horse till he has learned to control himself.

Correspondence.

WEATHER KNOWLEDGE.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM OUR SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editor of the Mass. Ploughman.

The signal service system of the government is no manner of use to the farmers of the country. It is probably not intended to be of special utility in this respect. But it has its benefits, and in these particulars it is expected to increase its efficiency. In talking to the farmers about the advantages of weather knowledge attacks on the Washington weather bureau amount to nothing. It does not encourage the idea that anything can be done in this field of science for the agricultural interest to assert that so far the signal service has accomplished nothing, and to prove the assertion makes the case no stronger for pretenders to weather forecasts. But when one sets up the special pretension to give the weather twenty-four hours ahead—or even forty-eight hours in advance—by a different system from that at Washington, though he claims it to be a better one, he simply sets up a rivalry in a competitive way of little more profit, though it may be at less expense than that of the government. Weather forty-eight hours in advance would be of but little more advantage to the farmer than the weather twenty-four hours ahead, provided he was certain of it in either case. There are as many disadvantages in such knowledge as there are without it. Such a declaration may seem inconsistent, but it is true. This is not the kind of weather knowledge a farmer needs. If a farmer knew that in forty-eight hours it would be clear weather, and his knowledge extended no further, whatever it might be twenty-four hours thereafter, if he took such knowledge as his guide he might be constantly led into meatricable perplexities and difficulties, and the same would follow a preknowledge of any other kind of weather in brief intervals. I maintain such knowledge would be of little or no utility to agriculture. If the weather given twenty-four hours ahead by the general government could reach the farmers of the country early in the morning, it would be of very little benefit to them as a class. It does not happen always early in the day, nor in every locality as given, but if the weather occurred as predicted early in the day, and in all localities for which it is given, a knowledge of it beforehand would afford but little or no advantage to agriculture.

What the farmers need is time to prepare for the weather. Here, indeed, the government service can make improvement. Personal attention by some one at the head of the service competent for the task could give the weather for three days in advance just as easily as for one day, and I have no doubt, for most of the year, the weather for a week at a time would be marked out for each locality in advance. Of course, in addition to skill, a knowledge of general and special weather at different points would be required. The latter is afforded by the system itself. Observations of results from these general and special weather developments at different points would soon bring out all the skill necessary. But it is admitted that the system is not perfect, and efforts are making to extend its usefulness.

As I have remarked, what the farmers need is time to prepare for the weather. This can only be secured by a knowledge of the kind of weather he may expect for a week or a month in advance. A system that does not answer the question, approximately: How long will it be dry? How long will it be wet? and, When shall we have the dry weather or wet weather? is not of any material advantage to agriculturists. The farmer knows what benefits would accrue from such a system, or else why does he constantly ask such questions of his neighbors?

There is not a farmer in the land who cannot improve his knowledge of the

the most trivial concerns in life. Why should not this be so?

Suppose the farmers knew as well what kind of weather they might expect for the month as for the seasons of the year; will it not be admitted that such knowledge would be of incalculable benefit to their interests? Now the month is only one-twelfth the length of a year in duration; and if we can give a pretty clear guess concerning the general character of the weather throughout the year in its seasons, and as many years in advance as we please, how much more certainly should we know what kind of weather to expect for the given month of the year just one month or less in advance. We could if we would. All the school books on astronomy tell our children how the seasons may be recognized, or rather what kind of weather characterizes the seasons, and here the lesson stops, as if nothing more were needed and nothing more could be learned. The fact that the seasons could be without the weather if it did not occur in the months of the year seems to be lost sight of. I believe however, the weather of the months has been noticed in two instances; perhaps in more; but I mean commonly. March is expected to be windy and April showery. But I will conclude by saying each month has its weather in season, and if you study its seasons you will know them. GEO. R. CATHER.

Asheville, St. Clair Co., Ala., March 29, 1881.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1881.

Wheeling, West Virginia, has suffered from a fire that destroyed property to the amount of $100,000.

A number of national banks have stated their concurrence in the new financial policy of Secretary Windom.

The condition of Lord Beaconsfield still continues very critical, and it is extremely doubtful if he rallies.

The yacht America, with Gen. Butler and his party on board, had arrived at Fortress Monroe on its way home.

It is now stated that President Garfield is to deliver the address at the Yorktown centennial celebration, in October next.

Jay Gould has bought the entire interest of Col. Thomas A. Scott in the Texas and Pacific Railroad, for $3,000,000.

In the city school committee, the order for the discontinuance of the suburban high schools was referred to a special committee.

It will not be decided until after Easter whether Harvard College will have the exclusive services of Rev. Phillips Brooks or not.

There is a rumor that the "bears" in the Chicago pork speculation paid a woman in that city roundly for coming down with trichinosis.

In the latest annual report of the Board of Trade is to be found a sketch of the commercial growth of Boston during the last fifty years.

The postmaster General is said to contemplate a journey to the Southwest, to obtain light on the star-route and other mail contracts.

The general freight agents of the eastern trunk lines have met at Chicago, and reduced rates on grain to 25 cents per hundred pounds.

Forty-five villages were swept away by the recent earthquakes in the island of Chio, and in many instances the population has disappeared altogether.

The Yale University boatmen insist, in the discussion over the location for rowing, on going to New London, where they will probably adhere to it.

Maud S. is expected to appear at Mystic Park, in this city, some time in June, to trot against time. Her manager has been offered liberal inducements.

The weather bureau has been particularly successful in prophesying the weather of late. People refused to believe on Monday what was predicted for Tuesday.

A convention of the Irish land league is to be held in Dublin on the 21st. and 22d. insts, to determine on a course of action in regard to the new land bill of Mr. Gladstone.

The late Thomas Carlyle bequeathed to Harvard University the books, pamphlets, and manuscripts used by him in writing the lives of Oliver Cromwell and Frederick the Great.

The policy of the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the maturing Government bonds is said to be endorsed by all the prominent Treasury officials, and by ex-Secretary Sherman also.

The Land League in the United States, as well as in Ireland, are inclined to believe that the new land bill introduced into Parliament by Mr. Gladstone will improve matters very much in Ireland.

France does not hesitate to assure the Bey of Tunis that, that in spite of all he may say or do to the contrary, the French troops will cross the frontier to overtake and chastise the Kroumirs.

It was voted, at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad, to authorize the president and directors to assess the stock for the purpose of carrying on the litigation to recover the property of the company.

DOUBLE TAXATION.

This question, though kept so long from final settlement by the Legislature, is nevertheless one of such practical and vital importance that it will not down at any man's bidding. It is one that is bound to return every year until it is satisfactorily adjusted. Not only is the existing law a needless, heavy and unjust burden on capitalists, but it acts as a hindrance and penalty on men who are possessed of moderate means, and who would otherwise be glad to become investors in real estate. Few men who have occasion to borrow money to complete building operations feel willing to pay a tax, first on what they really own, and another tax on what they must borrow and therefore do not own. There is no mistaking the sentiment and opinion of people on this matter; the wonder is, that the Legislature has not yet been able to see it clearly enough to correct the existing evil by the passage of a law relieving mortgages from taxation.

Inasmuch as just and equitable taxation is all that is really aimed at, it follows that there are two ways of compassing that object and at the same time remedying the existing difficulty. One way is to lay a tax on the whole property, leaving mortgage loans to be adjusted between the parties interested; or, to tax the holder of a mortgage loan to the amount of his interest, and leave the owner of the equity to pay the tax on the remainder of the valuation after the amount of the mortgage is deducted. There is hardly a question that the first of these two methods, being the simpler, would give the greater satisfaction generally. Nor would any injustice ensue, since the terms of the mortgage would be fixed by the consideration that it is not subject to taxation. There would of course be many details to adjust in making any new law on the subject, but these fall to the lot of the legislator's duty, which he supposed to be able to discharge.

RAILROAD EARNINGS.

The statement of the earnings of the leading railroads of the country for the first quarter of the current year is one of increasing interest. The weather in March proved to be of unprecedented severity, so as to make it the hardest month of the three for railroad business. One heavy storm of snow after another swept down upon the West and Northwest, each one proving worse than its predecessor, until it looked as if the entire country was to be buried up in snow permanently. The railroad companies had about all they wanted to do in clearing their tracks. This condition of things naturally made transportation very difficult. In several instances it had to be suspended altogether. Of course the railroads showed the effect of this in the amount of their traffic. There was an almost complete cessation of passenger travel, while the freight transportation fell off heavily. The receipts of corn at the leading lake and river ports showed a loss, for the month of March, of five million bushels.

The story is just the reverse for the South and Southwest. That whole section has entered on a career of prosperity. It is the Southern roads that have made the greater part of the increase in earnings so far this year. Forty roads in all that have reported for the last three months, have earned in the aggregate $3,116,774 above the earnings for the first quarter of last year. The striking fact noted is, that, no matter what are the unfavorable influences, the favorable ones have always been sufficient to offset any loss and to allow a favorable balance for the current year. Although individual roads show a decrease in earnings, the aggregate is invariably an increase. There has been a forward movement in railroad earnings ever since the roads first began to feel the effects of the revival of business, in May, 1879. And this, in turn, furnishes the best possible evidence of the continued growth in the business activities of the country. The set-back in the West will soon be remedied by better weather.

THE CATTLE QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

A few nights ago, a member of the British House of Commons rose and proposed the passage of a law forbidding the further importation of live cattle into the United Kingdom, on the alleged ground that they infect English cattle with foreign disease. It has been sufficiently shown that this is a put-up excuse, having no ground practically in truth or reason. But that seems to make no difference with the few men who are themselves infected with a phobia on the subject of imported cattle. The foot-and-mouth disease cannot be shown to exist among cattle in England to any appreciable extent, the rigid action of the privy council having virtually eradicated it. Not only that, but they have made it next to impossible for any known disease to spread among cattle at all. American cattle, as soon as they land in England, have to be slaughtered before they are removed to any distance. This is because there were formerly discovered some traces of pleuro-pneumonia among them.

The mover of the bill above referred to was chiefly desirous to get up a feeling of hostility to foreign, and especially to American, cattle, because he and others are sick of that free-trade in beef which they profess for everything else. It has cut down their profits immensely, the importation of American beef, and this is their only way of resenting and resisting it. There was as vigorous resistance made to the repeal of the corn laws as was made, and is still making, to the admission of meats from abroad into England. But the necessities of the people, of the great body of the consumers, will have to be considered before the meat-producing interest. Food is of the first importance, and if it cannot be produced as cheaply at home as it can be imported from abroad, the popular need will inevitably decide the issue. England cannot keep out cheap meats by legislation, nor compel her people to buy the dearer food. It is a blind policy that faces in that direction. This question is intimately associated with the land question, and both are quite as likely to be decided together.

OLEOMARGARINE.

No one objects to people using the new product, if they prefer it to butter; the objection is to the producers of the new article palming it off on a community that would not knowingly use it at all, for an article which it is not and for which it cannot be made an honest and decent substitute. The Boston Produce Exchange asks for legislation that shall protect the public from imposition and worse. Representatives before the committee asked simply that all oleomargarine offered as butter, or offered for sale, shall be marked as such, that people may know what they get when they buy it. No request could be more right and reasonable. They want not only the wholesale dealer in it but the retailer to make known what it is when he sells this article.

They claimed that the oleomargarine business had greatly injured the regular butter and cheese trade, and they asked for legislation that would protect dealers in cheese as well as in butter. The trade is perfectly united in its hostility to this article. The manufacturers of oleomargarine resist these efforts of the Produce Exchange to secure fair and square dealings, and claim that no further legislation is necessary. That is to be naturally expected. The mere fact that they do not wish to relinquish the privilege of working off a poor article for a pure one, is evidence enough that they want to enjoy the advantage of the imposition. If they really believe that oleomargarine is as good as butter, they never would hesitate to sell it under its real name. And there is no reason why they should not be compelled to do so, if they are not inclined to do it voluntarily. It is not for them to say to the public that something else is as good as butter; the public has a right to judge that for itself.

CANALS AND RAILROADS.

In the discussion which has been going on relative to the State of New York making the Erie Canal a free highway for internal commerce, especially since it has paid the cost of its original construction to the State and may now therefore be said to belong to the people, it has been urged that great cities are built up by draining to certain places certain products which mankind require, the cities becoming the centres of distribution. New York possesses an unrivalled harbor, but the Hudson River itself is commercially of little importance to the metropolis. There are no large cities or seats of industry on its banks, and by nature New York is said to have drained into it less of products than was once drained into Newport Bay. New York is therefore pronounced an artificial city, being the creation simply of Clinton's great canal.

It is held that the two great natural outlets of the continent are the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi Rivers; by digging the Erie canal and thus making the Hudson River take its rise at Lake Superior instead of in the Adirondacks, the third great waterway was created, and that made the imperial city of New York. Were the canal to be destroyed, the Hudson would again become only a beautiful stream. It is held that no railroad which does not follow the line of navigable waters more or less directly, ever became a profitable enterprise. The New York Central railroad was built in sections, or short roads, originally, because the canal was already there, and a line of thriving and populous cities existed along its route. But the Erie railroad, which was built to connect New York directly with the lakes, exceeded the limit of profit on land transportation and being without this line of canal cities it could not become profitable.

But this is probably not strictly correct in reference to the location of railroads that are built to connect two important points like New York and the Lakes. Still, it is true that railways and waterways are competitors for transportation traffic, and should between them bring down rates to reasonable figures. If grain can be carried from St. Louis down the Mississippi River to New Orleans for six cents and less per bushel, and from Chicago to New York by lake and by canal for twelve cents and less, there is manifestly a law at work for the reduction of transportation rates that is more effectual than all the legislation that can be devised, to regulate and keep down railroad charges. The single condition in the case is, that the water-ways be improved as fast as the railway facilities are, and we shall then have a rivalry that will result in some practical benefit to the people of the country.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The House engrossed the bill for the purification of the Mystic Lower Pond, and the bill reducing the life-insurance excise tax one-half. A bill was reported in the Senate making the screen law compulsory. The Senate ordered to a third reading the bill of the majority of the committee on claims in favor of Walter Shanley, the contractor for executing the work on the Hoosac Tunnel. A bill was reported to the Senate, authorising the city of Worcester to utilize Tatnic Brook as a source of water supply, and to issue $500,000 water scrip. The bill increasing the salary of the Hampden County judge of probate and insolvency was engrossed. The House bill concerning the Neponset and Braintree and Weymouth turnpike, after a long debate, was ordered to a third reading. The bill to compel the Boston and Maine Railroad Company to construct its bridge over the Merrimac River at Haverhill, according to the plans accepted by the harbor commissioners, but not compelling the road to construct a draw, was ordered to a third reading. Allusion was made in the House to a bill before the health committee, providing for a Metropolitan health district. It is especially intended to provide for sufficient sewage within the district embraced by Boston and a number of surrounding towns. The prison committee ask the prison commissioners to investigate the matter of a reformatory prison for men.

Passion Week.—The week preceding Easter Sunday is denominated by the Church Passion Week. It opens with Palm Sunday, which commemorates the last entry of our Savior into Jurusalem, the event having been signalized by his followers by strewing the way by which he made his entrance with palm branches. The historical church, by whatever name called, has ever since made this last entrance of our Lord into the Holy City memorable by its observance. Thursday is named Maundsy Thursday, but every day between Palm Sunday and Thursday is characterized by the last public acts of the Lord among His disciples and followers. Friday is Good Friday, ever to be remembered by the Christian world as the day on which the Savior of man was put to death on the cross. The events of this day are such as can never be dwelt upon by the human family with too serious contemplation. The greatness of the sacrifice becomes apparent to us only as we are able to realize both in making of our Lord only glorified the human. It was the crowning act of a life on earth such as no being ever performed before. It is this especially that gives the name of Passion Week to the entire interval of time stretching between the two Sundays. There was the scene of Agony in the Garden; the trial; the condemnation; the scoffing that greeted the Son of Man; the delivery up to the multitude that demanded the instant execution; the agonizing scene on the cross; the burial and the vigil; all tending, step by step, to the culmination of the Resurrection of which he had often spoken to his disciples, and the visible assurance of immortality being at last brought to light before all men.

Easter.—Next Sunday is Easter Sunday. It is the true beginning of the Christian year. After the work which had been given him to do was accomplished, and death had set its seal upon the precious promises of the gospel, the Lord rose from the grave triumphantly and forever established the fact of immortality for man. Easter is a joyous day, because it heralds the dawn of a new life for the human race. The mystery was made plain then, and all the questionings respecting the future were set at rest. The morning of the glad day, as the Christian world is wide, to welcome the coming of Easter Day with rejoicings which, from being purely religious in their origin, are social in their extent; which celebrate the glad and great event of the resurrection of the Lord in a triumphant as well as a reverently grateful spirit; and which bring the hearts of all people into an union of active sympathies beyond the return of any other anniversary during the year. Easter thus becomes, in the calendar of religious ceremonies and observances, the ending of the Old and the beginning of the New. As Christmas marks the event of the birth, Easter signalizes the event of the ascension. Both are landmarks for all time in the history of man on the earth. They fix the ceremonial limits for our religious life. There is no rock or corner of the Christian and civilized world where their fame is not gone forth and established. No creed or sect that is recognized among Christians can sincerely afford to ignore the annual recurrence of these great events, while all are freshly inspired by observing and maintaining them. Let us therefore hail the coming Easter with all the joy of which our hearts are capable, feeling the blessed assurance that in our Lord's resurrection we are risen with him to immortal life also.

Cruelty to Chilaren.—Speaking of what the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has done for the abused offspring of beggars and drunkards, the New York Herald indulges the observation that many people would be glad to see the Society find some families that profess to be respectable. The wretched son of the drunkard is beaten cruelly, because anger has temporarily dethroned both reason and affection in the father; but rum is not the only incentive to anger, and this passion, when excited, can make the alleged gentleman just as brutal as the drunken boor. Not one punishment in ten is inflicted except when the parent is angry; not one person in a thousand fails for the time being to be an utterly unreasoning brute and contemptible coward. Inherited vices, like other old wrongs, die hard; and no vice has an older lineage than that which prompts parents to expend their superfluous savagery on erring children. The young must be trained, but those who are disciplined as the brutes are have their parents to thank if they are brutes when they have reached the age that should find them men and women.

The Great Floods in the Northwest.—After the snows follow the great floods, in natural order. The Northwest has been blocked up, and now is in part drowned out. Settlements are submerged, and railroad tracks lost sight of. The real condition of the towns in Platte Valley, Nebraska, cannot yet be stated, except that many of them are known to be inundated. There is no communication by telegraph, for the reason that the poles and wires have been washed away and as yet have been only partially rebuilt. A number of persons are known to have perished from the floods. The loss of stock and property is reckoned in hundreds of thousands. Trains on the Union Pacific railroad were for some time stopped, and resumed only after great difficulty and delay. Intelligence from Dakotah Territory and the far Northwest is also to the effect that the devastation by water has been great there also.

☞ Consumption commences in impaired vitality and debility; strengthen both brain and body with Vitalized Phosphites, and thus PERMANENT debility and consumption. Vitalized Phosphites is a cerebral food, increasing the activity and power of both brain and body. Its effects are permanent, not a stimulant like brandy, but a vitalizing element to the nerves. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages, curing weak-ened digestion, mental and physical exhaustion and nervous disorders. It is a brain and nerve food. For sale by F. Crosby, 666 6th Ave., N. Y., and druggists.

READ AND RUN.

—A large and handsome fox, that had made his home under some freight houses in Charlestown, was shot on Monday, by a police officer.

—The Boston Scientific Society observed its fifth anniversary on Wednesday last.

—The boats of the Boston and Bingham Company will commence running on Monday next.

—The painters of Boston demand two and a half dollars a day, and a number of employers have acceded to their demand.

—Trouble is anticipated by the Governor of Chihuahs between the natives and Americans, when the railroads get farther down into the interior of Mexico.

—Aid is being rapidly collected in our larger cities for the sufferers by the recent destructive earthquake in Chio.

—The young woman in Iowa City who had voluntarily abstained from food on account of other sufferings, finally died of starvation after forty-seven days' fast.

—The loss of cattle in the Northwest is ascertained to be not so large as was supposed, in consequence of the severity of the winter.

—Easter eggs and Easter cards have been in universal demand for the past week or more.

—Louis of Bavaria is called the handsomest king in all Europe.

—The report of a contemplated Fenian attack on Mr. Gladstone is vehemently denied.

—Serious trouble is brewing in the Indian Territory between the Indians and the stock-raisers.

—The Omaha flood is now rapidly subsiding, and inundated property is coming into sight again.

—A body of Carmelite nuns, that established themselves at Yonkers two years ago, have been unsuccessful in their mission there, and are about to return to Spain.

—We had more "beautiful snow" here during Tuesday, and the snow storm was quite severe all along the Hudson River.

—A Philadelphia paper states that the inhabitants of the Cannibal Islands have discovered trichinæ in an American missionary.

—London Truth says that French nobility is simply a trap for American heiresses, but that they do not appear to be so easily caught as they once were.

—The West is taking kindly to the innovation of cooking schools.

—It is urged that it is not the inhabitants alone of New York that are sufferers by the extremely unclean condition of the streets of that city, but the immense number of people from all parts of the country that make the metropolis the goal of their travel and their business.

—It appears from all the accounts of the school for Indian girls at Hampton College, that Indian scholars acquire the English language readily, being able, at the end of two years, to read simple books, and after another year to read any book they need.

—The Southern States show more business failures during the last quarter than the Western States do.

—An opium den is spoken of as existing in Chicago, which is frequented wholly by ladies. It is perfesciy safe to put no credit at all in such stories.

—Italy is thought to be about prepared to strike an attitude on the issue between France and Tunis.

—Greece will hand in her reply to the joint note of the Powers in a few days.

—Mrs. Livermore states that fully seventy per cent of the pauperism of the country is owing to intemperance.

—Hon. Nathan F. Dixon, a well-known lawyer and public man, died on Monday at Westerly, R. I., at the age of sixty-nine years.

—The condition of Lord Beaconsfield continues exceedingly precarious.

—Five torpedo boats have been built in England for the Greek government.

—Sitting Bull, it is now asserted, seriously proposes to surrender.

—The funeral of the widow of Theodore Parker was deferred, on account of the extremely large attendance which was apprehended.

—Germany is reported to have secretly encouraged the Sultan of Turkey to withstand the pressure of the Powers.

—Certain sections of Austria are now seriously threatened with floods.

—The Boston stock market is active, with prices generally well sustained.

—The ice is moving out of the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and boats are running again.

—They are called "funeral conductors" in Michigan, not undertakers.

—And now gold has been discovered in Alaska, and miners are moving up there according to their custom.

—The question of double taxation is engaging the attention of the Legislature at the present time.

—Rev. Joseph Cook is lecturing in Scotland.

—Friday of the present week, which is Good Friday, is the sixteenth anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln.

—The city fountains are one by one coming out of their winter garments, and it is hoped that they will be playing before the Legislature finally adjourns.

—In America, says a London journal, nothing is ancient of days but the Rocky Mountains, the Mississippi, and the Yosemite Valley; everything else is obtrusively juvenile.

—The British House of Commons has adjourned to the 25th inst., and the House of Lords to the 5th of May.

—Sophie Pieoffsky, the female who has been condemned for participating in the assassination of the late Czar, acknowledged her guilt, and admired having given the signal to Russakoff when the Emperor's carriage drove into the canal road, by waving a pocket handkerchief.

—Mr. Gladstone presented the new land bill in a speech of nearly two hours in duration.

—It was Thomas Jefferson who said that they who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God.

—The storm-doors of winter are beginning to come off from the houses rapidly.

—One of the leading journalists of Boston has died within a few days—Stephen N. Stockwell, of the Boston Journal. It was his efforts chiefly that lent enterprise to the paper.

—John Bright says that Americans alone subscribe their names legibly.

—They exclude from the court-room, in Toledo, Ohio, all persons under the age of twenty-one.

—Boston is to have two immense exhibition structures, in the Mechanics' Charitable Association building and the New England Manufacturers' Institute building.

—The new Emperor of Russia is threatened with certain death by the Nihilists, if he orders the execution of Sophie Pieoffsky. She is a noble, and her fate is absolutely in the Czar's hands.

—The Boston Board of Aldermen has refused to grant licenses for pugilistic or wrestling exhibitions.

—Judge Devens resumes his seat on the State Supreme bench, after an absence of four years in Washington as Attorney General.

—The financial programme of the Secretary of the Treasury is to extend the maturing bonds at 3½ per cent. interest, and it is denounced in many quarters.

—Miss Polly Sanderson died a few days ago in Waltham, having reached the great age of nearly one hundred years.

—It is asserted as altogether probable that the man who recently purchased the Guttenburg Bible for five thousand dollars is unable to read a word of it.

—A portrait of George Eliot will appear in the May number of Harper and Scribner.

—It was a fine interval of Spring which we all enjoyed, though but a brief one. People were wondering how the returned robins and other songsters are getting their living under the change that has so suddenly come over their dream.

—The New York Herald styles those Albany legislators who defeated the street cleaning bill for that city, as "champions of diphtheria and small pox."

—The new Postmaster General is rapidly putting his Department on a strictly business basis.

—Speculators are actively engaged in getting up a "corner," on Chicago hogs.

—It is a criminal offence to carry flowers in one's hand or about one's person, in Central Park, New York.

—It is facetiously observed that in Florida old barns and similar barracks are made over into hotels for Northern tourists.

—The quakers alone furnish the patronage for one of the hotels of Atlantic City.

—Some ladies may be glad to hear that waists are no longer to be worn in the hour-glass style

—In a recent book, entitled "The Past in the Present," the author, Dr. Mitchell, traces a great number of curious survivals of exceedingly remote ages in modern implements, usages, and superstitions.

—The lunar seas, says Prof. Proctor, with their prevalent dark tints, are among the most striking features of the moon's surface, and, rightly apprehended, indicate a former condition of thin gs on the moon resembling that now prevailing on the earth. They show that the moon, though now arid, had once seas such as our earth has at present.

—The hastening of the arrival of the Atlantic iceberg season is expected in consequence of the series of recent storms from the Gulf dislodging the ice masses of the high latitudes.

☞ The *Ploughman* expresses its indebtedness to the Trustees of the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture for a copy of a handy little volume, one of the Society's publications, entitled "A Treatise on Pruning Forest and Ornamental Trees," by A. Des Cars' translated from the seventh French translation. An introduction by Prof. C. S. Sargent, Professor of Agriculture at Harvard College, accompanies it. The Trustees of the Massachusetts Society have done a timely thing in procuring the preparation of this comprehensive work of Count Des Cars' treatise on pruning forest trees in order to increase the yield of timber, is obvious. The method of Des Cars in pruning may well be adopted by those in charge of highway plantations as well as by those who are making economic plantations. It will give a new impetus to tree planting, merely to peruse this valuable treatise on tree pruning.

☞ The March number of the *Magazine of Art* is the latest issue of this most noble of art magazines which has reached our table. We have spoken of the preceding numbers with deserved enthusiasm. The subjects handled on the broad and beautiful pages of this Magazine are quite as felicitous as the style of their handling. There are always several full-page engravings in every number—those of Queen Elizabeth receiving the French deputies, and of Amy Robsart in the great romance of Scott, forming the gems of the present issue. We cannot speak in terms of too much praise of a publication that, in point of instruction as well as of entertainment, promises to do so much to elevate Art in this country. It reaches people to enjoy as well as to create. The Magazine of Art is published by Cassell, Potter, Galpin, and Co., 739 and 741 Broadway, New York.

☞ *Harper's Monthly* for May presents a likeness of the deceased George Eliot and of Thomas Carlyle. The illustrations, as usual, are profuse and superior. It contains a number of tales, besides illustrated articles on Athens, the Decorative Pottery of Cincinnati, Camp Log, in the Adirondacks, and Music and Musicians in New York. No monthly magazine in the country is more popular. Received by A. Williams & Co.

☞ A little pamphlet by George R. Cather tells *How to Forecast the Weather*, and gives some notes from his system of meteorology.

☞ The new *Catalogue of Joseph Breck and Sons*, of Garden, Field, and Flower Seeds is a truly handsome piece of work. The illustrations it contains of fruits, vegetables, implements, almost of themselves entice the reader, whoever he may be, to become a farmer or gardener himself. Messrs. Breck and Sons supply "The Book of Enslhge," by Dr. Bailey, and they likewise keep on hand all the farming implements necessary to make ensilaging a complete success. They offer a wide variety of novelties and specialties in flower and vegetable seeds for the opening season, which are richly worth general consideration. It is as good as a feast to run the eye through this descriptive catalogue of enticing things which cultivators of the soil will be sure to want in one form or another. This old New England Agricultural Warehouse was established in 1822, and proudly maintains its reputation throughout the country.

THE ADVERTISEMENT OF A POPULAR LOAN, by the Globe Company of Boston, should attract the attention of those seeking investment. A company which is so sure of paying its dividends as to issue coupons for them will be eagerly sought, and it saves much trouble to have them paid in that manner.

SET BACK 42 YEARS.

"I was troubled for many years with kidney complaint, gravel, &c.,; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about; could not sleep; in fact, life to me could get nothing to help me until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 73, and have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth a trial.—(Father.)—*Sunday Mercury.*

FOOD FOR THE BRAIN AND NERVES that will invigorate the body without intoxicating is what we need in these days of rush and worry. Parker's Ginger Tonic restores the vital energies, soothes the nerves and brings good health quicker than anything you can use.—*Tribune.* See other column. ap2-5t

☞ The remedy that will cure the many diseases peculiar to women is Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.—*Mother's Magazine.*

To the Consumptive—Wilbor's Compound of Cod-Liver Oil and Lime, without possessing the very nauseating flavor of the article of the materia used, is endowed by the Phosphate of Lime with a healing property which renders the Oil doubly efficacious. Remarkable testimonials of its efficacy can be shown to those who call on or address Dr. S. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

HOUSE CLEANING.—The best thing ever produced for this and all kindred purposes is JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE. It makes the house keeper do the work more satisfactorily in less than half the usual time without the aid of soap or anything else, and its great value in the kitchen and laundry is attracting wide spread attention. Sold by grocers everywhere, but beware of vile imitations with names that sound like Pearline.

☞ Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

☞ Canvassers make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. G. RIDOUT & Co., 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms. aug21 52

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D., New York City.* je12-13t

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.
For over thirty-four years
DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT
has been warranted to cure Croup, Colic, Spasms, Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Inflammation, Sore Throat, Rheumatism in the Limbs, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pimples, Blotches and Swellings, externally, and Cholera Infantum has been extensively used in families where they would not be without it even if it was $10 a bottle. Sold by druggists at 25 and 50 cts. Depot, 43 Murray St., N. Y.
nov27-26t-cow

MARRIAGES.

In Cambridge, April 5th, by Rev. Alexander McKenzie, Mr. William H. Jones of Winnebago City, Minn., to Miss Addie, daughter of Col. Webster, Esq., of Cambridge.

In Freetown, April 7th, by Rev. B. S. Bachelor, William Decker of Brooklyn to Miss Belle F. Macombes of Freetown.

In Fort Warne, Ind., March 21st, by Rev. J. C. Hudson, W. H. Worth of Boston, formerly of Nantucket, to Addie Louise Ditson of Chicago.

In Cambridge, April 6th, by Rev. W. T. Chase, William F. Howe to Bessie J. Whittier, both of Cambridge.

In Northampton, April 6th, by Rev. E. L. Clark, Edward W. Noyes of Boston to Mary L. Scarle of Northampton.

In Lynn, April 12th, by Rev. D. Sherman, D. D., S. O. Sherman to Sarah F. Hill, both of Lynn.

In Exeter, N. H. April 5th, by Rev. Swift Byington, Edward A. Smith, Jr., of Great Falls, N. H., to Miss Minnie Nason of Exeter.

In Newburyport, April 7th, by Rev. S. J. Spaulding, D. D., Mr. Timothy W. Rogers to Mrs. Alice M. Rogers, both of Bradford.

DEATHS.

In this city, April 8th, George Bancroft, 63 years.

In this city, April 8th, Hon. Stephen N. Stockwell, 57 years 7 months 8 days.

In this city, April 8th, Annie F., wife of Samuel Bent.

In this city, April 6th, Peter A. Wales of Randolph, Mass., 67 years 11 months.

In this city, April 8th, Dudley G. Colbath, of Alton, N. H., a veteran of the war of 1812, 88 years 11 months 6 days.

In Dorchester, April 6th, Florence D., youngest daughter of the late Dexter Humphreys, 4 years 9 months.

In Arlington, April 7th, Sarah Ridlon, widow of he late Noah Ridlon, 72 years.

In Lancaster, April 6th, Mrs. Margaret Ann, wife of Gen. J. C. Stevens, formerly of Bangor, Me., 72 years 9 months.

In Dorchester, April 8th, Mrs. Hattie S. Smith.

In Malden, April 9th, of apoplexy, Aaron B. Wanerey, 61 years 10 days.

In Melrose Highlands, April 9th, John T. Apthorp, 77 years 9 months.

In Medford, April 8th, Mrs. Sylvia S., widow of the late John Sparrel, 84 years.

In Newton, April 10th, Harriett M., daughter of the late Cpt. Enoch Wild, 71 years 7 months.

In Danvers, April 9th, Washington J. Parkerson, 64 years.

In Reading, April 10th, Mary E. Harsden, widow of the late Sylvester Harsden.

In Auburn, April 9th, Rev. Jonathan Davis, 73 years 7 months 21 days.

In Canton, Mass., April 9th, Mrs. Susan Broad, widow of the late Josiah Broad, 79 years 20 days.

In Sudbury, Apr. 10th, Martha A., wife of Charles F. Gerry, 52 years.

In Medford, April 9th, George W. Boles, 84 years 9 months.

In Newburyport, April 10th, James A. Tilton, M. D., 65 years 4 months 23 days.

In Newburyport, April 7th, Hiram Canney, 74 years 6 months.

In Lynn, April 10th, Henry M. Hacker, 63 years 4 months.

In East Woburn, April 11th, Ezra Hackett, in his 77th year.

In Newtonville, April 11th, Mrs. Mary Wadsworth, widow of the late Prof. Hermon B. Hackett, D. D.

In Lexington Centre, Mass., April 11th, of consumption, Nancy B. Wentworth, wife of Otis Wentworth, 52 years 8 months.

In Topsfield, April 7th, Nehemiah Perkins, 87 years 4 days.

In Rockport, Me., April 9th, Austin Sweetland, 74 years.

In Cambridge, April 10th, George F. Gwinn, formerly of Salem, 74 years.

In Wakefield, April 10th, Mrs. Electa B., widow of Benjamin Hawes, 72 years 10 months.

In Newton Lower Falls, April 10th, William W. Jackson, 49 years 6 months.

In Waltham, April 10th, Miss Polly Sanderson, 100 years 11 month 18 days.

In New Orleans, April 9th, J. Elbridge Vose, formerly of Boston.

In Brighton, April 9th, Mrs. Emma E., wife of Frederick A. Wright and eldest daughter of Jonathan K. and Lydia P. Peckham, 36 yrs. 11 mos. 7 days.

In Weymouth, April 4th, James S. Cate, 67 years.

In Dedham, April 12th, Catharine, widow of the late George Ellis, 81 years 8 months.

In Malden, April 11th, Mrs. Albina N. Tay, wife of F. A. Tay, 61 years.

In South Braintree, April 12th, Ansel Thayer, 78 years 3 months.

In North Weymouth, April 12th, Rev. Samuel L. Rockwood, 70 years.

In New Bedford, April 11th, Mr. Josiah M. Coxen, 36 years.

In New York, April 10th, Dr. C. T. Collins of Great Barrington, Mass.

Cattle Markets.

BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN.

Reported expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 16.

Amount of Stock at market:—

	Beeves.	Sheep.	Shoats	Fat Hogs.	Veals
This week..	4721	12,927	64	11,814	128
Last week..	3604	8,419	134	12,000	901
One yr ago.	5793	6,908	471	11,700	889

Horses.....248

Prices.

Beef—per 100 lbs. on total weight of hide, tallow and meat, extra, $7 00@7 75; first quality, $6 00@6 75; second quality, $5 00@5 50; third quality, $4 50@4 75; a few choice single pairs, $8 00@8 75; some of the poorest, bulls, &c., $4 25@.

Working Oxen.—$100@165; ; @ handy steers, $50@100 or much according to their value for beef.

Cows and Young Calves.—Fair quality, $30 @35; extra, $40@45; farrow and dry, $19@30.

Fancy Cows, $50@65.

Stores.—Thin young cattle for farmers—yearlings $7 00@13 00; two-year olds, $12@28; three-year olds, $20@45.

Sheep, Wool—Per lb, live, 3½@4 cts; extra 4@ 4½c. Sheep and Lambs ₩ head, in lots, $2 50@8 75 @c. Lambs 5½@6c ₩ lb. Sheared Sheep—@ c. Spring Lambs @c ₩ lb.

Fat Hogs.—Per lb 6½@7½cts, live weight, selected lots; country lots, 6@6½c; Northern Dressed Hogs, @c. Suckling pigs, @

Veal Calves.—@6c. ₩ lb.

Hides—Brighton, 5@6c ₩ lb; country lots, 4@7

Calf Skins.—12@12½c. Bull and stag hides, 5@c.

Tallow.—Brighton, 3@3½c; country lots, 3½@4

Pelts—$1@1 75 each; Country lots, $1 00@1 75; selected skins, $ each; Lamb Skins, @ each.

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

Beeves.	Sheep.	Beeves.	Sheep.
Maine.....177		New York.	
N. Hampshire 31	642	R Island.....	
Vermont.....105	731	Western....	5176
Massachusetts 133	538	Canada....	
Connecticut.			

Total.....5722 12,507

Left over.....

CATTLE AND SHEEP BY RAILROAD.

Beeves.	Sheep.	Beeves.	Sheep.
Fitchburg.... 1467	2806	Eastern..	177
Lowell..... 90	266	Boston&Me.	
Boston&Alb. 3940	9435	On foot&boats	49

Total.....5722 12,507

Drovers & Droves.

Cattle.	Sheep.
Wadwell-Howe 56	61
Glines-Weston.. 30	
H. Frost..... 9	7
Libby-Son..... 16	
Libby-Libby.... 18	
Dow-Moulton.... 34	
F H. Coolidge & Son.....	1150
New Hampshire.	
G Reeves..... 17	
M Pike..... 2	
C D Jewett..... 9	7
Wood-Roundy... 4	375
Dow-Moulton....	6
D A DeWolf....	162
Aldrich-Johnson	62
D L Sanderson. 10	
I B Sargent..... 29	5
Hodgdon.....	83
G D Hooper	62
C P Breck..... 3	
Vermont.	
Sargent-Turner. 4	59
W M Flanders.. 8	10
H S Hastings... 8	163
H S Britton....	
J H Thomas.... 4	40
H V Whipple... 3	48
F S Kimball.... 19	48
R P Pollard.... 2	33
Piper-Martin... 6	4

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CENTRAL MASS. POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

At the annual meeting of the Central Mass' Poultry Association, held at the office of the Secretary, W. H. Fitton, the following officers were elected: President, Henry S. Ball, of Shrewsbury; Vice Presidents, Dr. A. A. Howland, of Worcester, W. E. Cunningham, of Fitchburg; Secretary and Treasurer, H. A. Jones, of Worcester; Auditor, F. A. Stratton, of Worcester.

Executive Committee: W. H. Fitton, E. P. Lawrence, Ralph Woodward, C. A. Ballou, G. W. Lowell, Frank L. Allen, John G. Howland, E. E. Fiske and Charles B. Day, of Worcester, and Chas. B. Cleveland, of North Uxbridge. It was voted to hold an exhibition in this city next winter.

Yours,

H. A. JONES, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Worcester, April 13, 1881.

☞ *The Phrenological Journal* for May has portrait of Carlyle, with biographical and a technical sketch. The different contributions and selections, are, as usual, addressed to the practical needs of people who ask only for guidance in the prac ise of common sense in relation to life and living.

☞ *The Cottage Hearth* for April has a portrait and biographical sketch of the late venerable Richard H. Dana, and a very interesting variety of miscellaneous reading, prose and verse. It is a delightful companion for those who have once domesticated it in their hearts. Published by the Cottage Hearth Co., 11 Bromfield St.

☞ *The Harvard Register* for February has a fine likeness of Rev. Dr. Bellows, accompanying a biographical sketch by Rev. E. E. Hale. Other memorials of the University and of Old Cambridge cover its fair pages. It appeals urgently to the practical support of all the sons of Harvard, and should have it ungrudgingly. Moses King, editor and publisher, is the one to address on the subject.

☞ The report of the Seventy-fifth annual meeting of the New England Society in the city of New York, on December, 1880, is embodied in a very neat pamphlet, and contains the entire proceedings at that anniversary of the Society. Among the addresses made on the occasion which are published in full, is given the felicitous one of Gov. Natt Head, of New Hampshire, closing with a characteristic anecdote of Daniel Webster.

☞ *The Cottage Hearth* for May also gives a portrait of Carlyle for its frontispiece and sketch of biography. It is filled with lively and attractive articles long and short, that contain a large amount of instruction also. It is already established as a favorite magazine in its chosen field.

☞ *How We Feed the Baby*, is the title of a little brochure from the press of Fowler & Wells, of New York, in which all the necessary directions are given for bringing up a baby from birth to the limit that divides infancy from youth. All mothers will derive profit from a perusal of its instructive pages.

☞ Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, proprietor of Beatty's celebrated Pianos and Organs has been re-elected Mayor of the city of Washington, N. J., by a vote of about 85 per cent. of the popular vote, which is also his third term.

The Union Beet Sugar Company.—Thursday afternoon, March 31st, the Franklin Beet Sugar Company sold their property by agreement for $60,000 to a new association made up of stockholders and creditors of the old concern with the addition of a few other influential and monied men. A meeting of the stockholders of the old company was held April 7th, to ratify the sale and authorize the tran-fer of the property. Thus the business has practically gone into new hands, and there is every assurance that matters will speedily be adjusted satisfactorily to all concerned in the enterprise. The new company assume the mortgage of $40 000 and pay $20,000 cash for the plant. A strong effort was made by the Mohawk Valley company of New York to buy the machinery for $40,000, and they were considerably surprised when the new association came forward and offered so much more. The new company will organ ze as soon as all the preliminary arrangements are effected and will "continue the business at the old stand," and it is certain the company will be well officered and backed by all the capital required. Contracts will be made at once for a supply of beets, which it is believed w ll be much larger than last year. Notice has just been received from Washington that Franklin will receive $2,000 of the $10,000 appropriated by Congress for experiments with the sugar beet, to be applied for such purposes, and several hundred pounds of seed have also been allotted to this point for similar uses. The future of the industry here looks bright; in fact the probabilities of complete success are stronger than ever before, and while a good many thousand dollars have been sunk in the business there is much rejoicing over this happy turn of affairs wherever the intelligence is known.—*Medway Maynet.*

THE ZERO REFRIGERATOR.—Superiority over all known methods for the preserving of food and ice is claimed for the Zero Refrigerator, and very justly. It has stood the test of over twenty years' experience, and has gone into over 38,000 households. There is hardly a nation on this globe but has had a Zero Refrigerator brought into use. The only exceptions are Siberia, Iceland, Greenland and at the North Pole. In 1876, at the Centennial Exhibition they were exposed for exhibition and competition over thirty exhibits of cooling appliances for the preservation of food and ice. It is worthy of mention that the Zero Refrigerator obtained the grand reward of merit for excellence—a medal and diploma. The judges selected seven men of the highest attainments in science and for practical knowledge. To mention their names will be sufficient. Douglas Galton, F.R.S., of London, England; Dr. Axel Ames, Jr, of Massachusetts, and Christopher C. Cox, LL. D., of Washington, D. C., late President of the Board of Health of that city. The American Institute, of New York city, has awarded its premiums for the years 1867, '69, '71, '75, '76, '78, '83. It has also been awarded premiums by many of the State fairs of our country. D. Appleton & Co., the publishers, adopted the Zero as being the best in principle, and gave at an illustration in their Encyclopedia. All of these facts are sufficient guarantee that housekeepers can make no mistake if they adopt this food and ice saving apparatus; and it only remains to mention that the Zero Refrigerator can be obtained from the manufacturer, Alexander M. Lesley, No. 380 Sixth avenue, New York city. An illustrated catalogue will be sent upon request.

PLANT BEAUTIFUL ROSES.—Spring has come again, and while all lovers of flowers are making up their lists of plants and vines and other pretty things to be put in the ground as soon as it is warm enough, we wish to speak a word for *Beautiful Roses*. Plant as many other flowers as possible, but don't forget to plant a few of choice Everblooming Roses. They exceed all other flowers in beauty and fragrance, and the choicest varieties are now within the means of all. Among the many Floral Catalogues now issued, we know of none more entitled to confidence than the "New Guide to Rose Culture," published by the Dingee & Conrad Company, Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester, Co., Pa. It is finely illustrated, describes over 500 varieties of roses and tells about their culture and treatment. It is sent free on application. The Dingee & Conrad Company have fifty large houses devoted to roses alone, and are the most extensive growers of roses in this country. They send roses safely by mail, postpaid, to all post-offices in the United States, and can always be depended on for reliable plants at reasonable prices. They have a national reputation for prompt and liberal dealings, and are said to give away more than fifty thousand roses a year in premiums to their customers.

Mrs. Margaret Mack of White River Junction, Vt., died Saturday, April 2, at the advanced age of 103 years.

A lad named Misselle, aged six years, was knocked down and killed Tuesday noon while playing about the Bennington depot, Vt. Two wheels passed over his body, killing him instantly.

The agent of the New Hampshire Bible Society recently called on 2,600 families in Nashua. Thirteen Protestant families were found without a Bible, all of whom were supplied by purchase or gift. The Nashua churches gave the agent, for the use of the society, $238.22.

A two-year old son of Michael Morrisay, living at Woodlawn, R. I., was run over by a locomotive on the Moshassuck Valley Railroad on Monday afternoon, receiving severe bruises about the head, and terribly mangling the right arm, which was amputated.

Smith Ransom, the old man found with his skull crushed in his house at East Longmeadow, Mass., Sunday morning, is still alive, but his death is almost hourly expected. Luther Bridge, who committed the murderous assault upon him, on Monday evening, made a full confession, giving a clear account of the transaction, but can assign no reason for it except that he was crazy drunk.

THE FRIEND OF DELICATE LADIES.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the remedy that will cure many diseases peculiar to women. Headaches, neuralgia, disordered nerves, weakness, mental shocks, and kindred ailments are effectually removed by its use.—*The Mother's Magazine.*

BOGUS CERTIFICATES.

It is no vile stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See another column.—*Republican.*

A SAFE AND SURE means of restoring the youthful color of the hair is furnished by Parker's Hair Balsam, which is deservedly popular from its superior cleanliness. apr2 5t

Strawberry Plants for Sale.

CRESCENT SEEDLING, 5,000 for $10.00; other leading varieties at reasonable rates; also BRANDYWINE RASPBERRIES. Send for price list. GEO. F. WHEELER, Concord, Mass. ap16-4t

Seed Peas.

WE offer the following favorite and popular MARKET PEAS, grown expressly for our trade from selected SEED STOCK:

Carter's First Crop,
Extra Early Caractacus,
Extra Early Philadelphia,
Extra Early Kentish Invicta,
Early Dan O'Rourke,
Early Kent,
Early McLean's Little Gem,
Early Laxton's Alpha,
McLean's Advancer,
Champion of England,
Yorkshire Hero,
Blackeyed Marrowfat.

Also many other choice varieties, for Family Gardens, including Dwarf Blue Peter, Pillbasket, Veitch's Perfection, Carter's Challenger, Laxton's Long Pod, Premium Gem, etc. All the best varieties of Beans. Early and Late Sweet Corn, and a full stock of the best varieties Vegetable and Flower Seeds. All kinds of Grass and Clover Seeds, etc., etc., etc.

Catalogues free on application.

HOVEY'S SEED STORE,
16 SOUTH MARKET ST., 16
BOSTON.
ap-16

To every one who owns a Horse!

A valuable one hundred page book, containing and describing every disease of the horse, with Illustrations of Spavins, Sprains, and Bruises, and just how to treat them. We will mail to any address this valuable book on receipt of 25 cents. Address,

J. B. CHECKLEY,
220 Sartain Street, Philad'a

ap16-6t

CHESTNUT HILLS FARM,
GROTON, MASS.

I have about twenty head of thoroughbred Jersey Cattle, all registered in the "American Jersey Herd Book," which I will sell singly or in lots. Among them are eight milch cows, a fine full-grown bull from O. B. HADWEN'S stock; also several two year olds, yearlings and calves.

Apply at my Farm in Groton, or to FRANCIS M. BOUTWELL, 180 Devonshire St., Boston.

GEO. S. BOUTWELL.
ap16-1t

Wanted,

To hire with privilege of buying a small Farm within 20 miles of Boston, near line of R. R., Schools and Churches; some Fruit; House of 9 or more rooms—would hire stock and tools. Rent payable as desired. Address with description and terms, D. B. F., Box 334, Worcester, Mass. ap16-1t

For Sale in Westboro', Mass.

House of 18 rooms, with Barn 30x30, with good cellar; 6 or 7 acres of land with Pear, Apple, Crab, Cherry and Quinces; some seventy-five in all; besides ornamental Trees finely located 1 mile from Depot. Inquire of PUTNAM & HARRINGTON, 32 Tremont Row, Boston, as an investment pays now—6 per cent—on $7,000 loowes, sum which will be considered.

ap16-2t.

Brown Leghorns

AND SILVER GRAY DORKINGS bred with great care for standard points. Write, enclosing stamp, for prices of Eggs and description of stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. See item in Poultry department, Ploughman, April 9th. D. G. FRENCH, Underhill, Vt. ap16-2t.

ZERO REFRIGERATOR.
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Centennial Award.
SEND FOR BOOK.
A. M. LESLEY,
380 Sixth Ave.,
ap16-6t NEW YORK.

PROTECT YOUR
Fruit and Shade Trees.

THE CANKER WORMS are depositing their eggs on the Trees now, and the young larvæ hatched from them will surely destroy the Fruit and Foliage for the coming season if not protected.

THE COOK
Tree Protecter
is a
SURE AND PERFECT PROTECTION.

☞ Write for Circular and Testimonials of some of the best Horticulturists and Agriculturists in New England.

COOK TREE PROTECTOR CO.,
OFFICE
No. 101 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
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SEEDS.
BUY THE BEST!

Our seeds have a reputation SECOND TO NONE. Many years of experience in dealing with the most critical classes of customers enables us to most thoroughly understand the wants of FARMERS, MARKET GARDENERS, FLORISTS and AMATEURS.

Send for our Catalogue.

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26 SO. MARKET ST., 26
BOSTON, MASS.
mhs26-tf

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. sept18-52t

PLANET Jr.
HORSE HOE.

Is invaluable for cultivation of all Garden and Field crops.

NET RETAIL PRICE LIST.

Planet Jr. Horse Hoe, plain,..... $9.00
" " " with Wheel or Cultivator Attachment,..... 10.00
" " " comp'ete with Wheel and Cultivator Attachment,..... 11.50
Corn Covering Roller with Irons,..... Add 4.00

JOSEPH BRECK & SONS,
51, 52 & 53 North Market Street, Boston, Mass.
ap16-1c

Bradley's Superphosphate.

TWENTY YEARS' UNPARALLELED SUCCESS!
1861. 1881.
500 Tons. 60,000 Tons.

Bradley's Phosphate has now been in use for twenty years, and has given universal satisfaction on all crops and on all kinds of soils, from Nova Scotia to Louisiana, the demand having increased the production from 500 tons in 1861 to over 60,000 tons per year. Its reputation was established upon its own merits, and it has always maintained the position of "FIRST AMONG ALL COMPETITORS."

It is a high grade bone Superphosphate, containing Phosphoric Acid, Nitrogen, Potash and other elements of plant-food in such proportions as the practical experience of twenty years has proved to be the best, and is a complete manure for all crops. Its mechanical condition is unequalled. It gives the plant an early and vigorous start, and furnishes it with suitable food at each period of its growth. It greatly improves the quality and largely increases the yield of all crops, and matures them in time to escape the early frosts.

Pamphlets, giving full directions for use, and testimonials from influential farmers, sent free on application.

For Sale by Local Agents Throughout New England.

BRADLEY FERTILIZER CO.,
27 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.
mch19-tf

CARPETS.
BUY DIRECT OF THE MANUFACTURERS.

We are now Offering a Special Line of Carpets which are well worth the inspection of all buyers.

100 Pieces	ROYAL WILTONS	at $2.25,	[usual price $3.00]
250 "	MOQUETTES	at $1.50,	[" " $2.00]
500 "	BEST BODY BRUSSELS	at $1.25,	[" " $1.75]
1000 "	TAPESTRY	at 75,	[" " $1.00]
600 "	EXTRA SUPERFINE	at 75 & 85,	[" " $1.00]
Special Line	ENGLISH SHEET OIL CLOTHS	at	$1.00

These goods are of the Best quality and warranted, and are sold much below the market value.

JOHN & JAMES DOBSON,
525 and 527 Washington Street, Boston.
SAMPLES SENT WHEN DESIRED.
mh19-cow6t

Sulky Plow.

Yes, ride and plow. A boy can do the work. Send for circular. FRED ATWOOD, Agent, Winterport, Maine. ap2-7t

WANTED FARMERS and DEALERS TO KNOW

That the Cheapest and Best Fertilizer for all crops is

BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE
At $25 Per Ton of 2000 Pounds.

Send for our descriptive pamphlet showing Guaranteed Analysis. "Sent Free." Dealers wanted in every County, to whom exclusive territory will be given.

Address, BAUGH & SONS, Sole Manufacturers,
ap16-4t 20 S. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

A SURE CURE for all the diseases for which it is recommended, and always perfectly safe in the hands of even the most inexperienced persons.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

Is recommended by Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-Shops and Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals—in short, by *Everybody everywhere* who has ever given it a trial.

IT HAS STOOD THE TEST OF FORTY YEARS' TRIAL.

PAIN KILLER should have a place in every factory, machine-shop, household, ready for immediate use in case only for accidents, cuts, bruises, sores, etc., but in case of sudden sickness of any kind.

PAIN KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of all who want a sure and safe medicine which can be freely used internally or externally without fear of harm and with certainty of relief.

Its price brings it within the reach of all; and it will annually save many times its cost in doctors' bills. For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

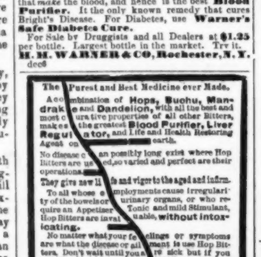
PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.
feb14-cow4t

Is made from a Simple Tropical Leaf of Rare Value, and is a POSITIVE Remedy for all the diseases that cause pains in the lower part of the body—for Torpid Liver—Headaches — Jaundice—Dizziness, Gravel, Malaria, and all difficulties of the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs. For Female Diseases, Monthly Menstruations, and during Pregnancy, it has no equal. It restores the organs that *make* the blood, and hence is the best Blood Purifier. It the only known remedy that cures Bright's Disease. For Diabetes, use Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.

For Sale by Druggists and all Dealers at $1.25 per bottle. Largest bottle in the market. Try it.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.



A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most effective curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, as mild and perfect are their operations on the system.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer relief your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALIDS FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y. and Toronto, Ont.

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REVISED NEW TESTAMENT
and Full History of Its Revision.

Now ready for Agents. *Most desirable* edition, *low priced*, and wanted by *thousands everywhere*. *Rare chance* for men or ladies to make money *fast*. Particulars *free*. Outfit 50c. *Act quick*. Address HUBBARD BROS., Pubs., 19 Federal Street, Boston. ap16-4t

Vegetable Seeds,

FOR sale by W. W. RAWSON, Arlington and stand 195 Mercantile Market Boston. Boston Market Celery, Henderson's Early Cabbage, Henderson's Snowball Cauliflower, Half Early Paris Cauliflower, Black Seed Tennisball Lettuce, Boston Curled Lettuce, Hubbard Squash, Marrow Squash, Double Curled Parsley, Deering's Improved Turnip Beet.

All of last season's growth and of the best quality jan1-1ft

1000 BARRELS OF
CRANBERRY VINES

FOR SALE, of the EARLY BLACK PEELL VARIETY, which possess the following good qualities: Unsurpassed in Color, Good Keepers, Very Early, ripening the first week in September. Small growth of vines, which is indispensable for continuous bearing.

☞ The vines from this bog are to be removed by July 1st, as the city is to use the meadow for a reservoir. Address,

S. L. GREER,
mch19-5t Norwich, Conn.

Send for our LOW-PRICED List (mailed free on application) and see the number of

ROSES

And other RARE PLANTS we sell for $1. Our Greenhouses (covering 3 acres in Glass) are the largest in America.

Peter Henderson & Co,
35 Cortlandt St., New York.
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ONION SEED!

Danvers Yellow Globe, White Portugal, Red Wethersfield, *and all other varieties.* ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE sent free on receipt of address on postal card.

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PLANTS, — All the New & rare varieties. Prices reasonable. Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

C. S. PRATT, Agt.,
Sunnyside Nursery,
NO. READING, MASS.
jy29-f28-mar26-a9.16,23,30-n7,14,21,28

SMALL FRUITS!!

PLANTS for the million, at prices to suit the times. Send for our illustrated book, "SUCCESS WITH SMALL FRUITS," with a very liberal offer. Catalogue and price list free. Address,

Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York. **E.P.ROE**
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White Russian Spring Wheat

AND SANFORD CORN; the best variety for fodder corn.

CHARLES DOLE,
mch19-9t Northfield, Vermont.

PEACH TREES, 1 year, all varieties, 1st size $5 per 100, or $40 per 1000; 2 to 4 ft., $4 per 100, or $35 per 1000; 2 to 3 ft., $3 per 100, or $25 per 1000. Also Apple, Pear, Cherry and Small Fruits. Packing free. *Mention this paper.* R. S. JOHNSTON, Stockley, Del.

BERRY CRATES and **BASKETS.** In use 10 years. Best and Cheapest made. Send for Free Circular.
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AT THE
New Seed Store,
CHOICEST VEGETABLE & FLOWER SEEDS,
EVERYTHING NEW AND OF THE BEST QUALITY.

Extra Early, Early, Medium and Late Peas;
Danvers Thick Yellow Onion;
Egyptian, Dewing's, Bastian's and other Varieties of Beets:
Cabbage, Cauliflower, Lettuce, Tomato and
Radish Seeds of the Best varieties. Also

FLOWER SEEDS
Of the most Popular and Beautiful Varieties.

CATALOGUES now ready, containing complete lists of all the BEST Flower, Vegetabe and Farm Seeds, and will be forwarded on application, by postal card or otherwise.

EVERETT & GLEASON,
NO. 34 SOUTH MARKET ST., BOSTON.

THE MATCHLESS SWIVEL PLOW.

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!

No other Plough has such a record. It has been greatly improved for the season of 1881. Don't buy any other until you have both 0 or send for latest descriptive Circular.

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OLIVER CHILLED PLOW

Whittemore Chilled Swivel Plow
CASADAY SULKY PLOW.

We have one of the largest and best selected stocks of

GARDEN, GRASS & FIELD SEEDS

ever offered in Boston, and are prepared to furnish

PURE AND RELIABLE SEEDS

at prices that must command the trade. Examine our stock and prices before purchasing.

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MEADOW KING MOWER!

THIS FAVORITE MOWER IS OFFERED to farmers for the coming season. Fifteen years of continued success is sufficient evidence of merit. Farmers are invited to give the MEADOW KING an examination. They will consult their own interests in buying a reliable mower of responsible parties. A full stock of repairs on hand. Circulars free.

FRED ATWOOD, Winterport, Me.,
General Agent, New England and Provinces.
N. B.—In territory where we have no agency, correspondence is solicited from reliable parties.

CANKER WORMS,

Now is the Time to Apply
Morrill's Canker Worm Destroyer or Tree Ink.

THIS article has received the indorsements of the and efficient preparation for the COMPLETE PROTECTION of Fruit and Ornamental Trees from the ravages of the Canker Worm and other insects. Put up in cans, kegs and barrels to suit purchasers.

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500 BUSH. SPRING RYE.
WHITTEMORE BROS.,
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
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E. P. ROE SUPPLIES *Country Homes with* **CHOICE** *Small Fruit Plants* and *Grape Vines*, and make some singularly *liberal offers* of plants with the superbly illustrated book, "Success with Small Fruits." Descriptive Catalogue free. Address E. P. ROE, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y. ap24t6

MATFIELD
FERTILIZERS!
FOR 1881.

SEND FOR PAMPHLET, MAILED FREE.

These formulas originated over twenty-five years ago by Dr. Joseph Hathaway, an eminent chemist of Boston, and the experiments made by him were attended with perfect success. Seven years since these formulas were placed in the hands of the Matfield Fertilizer Co., by Dr. Hathaway, and during this period have been used by the farmers of New England and other sections, giving very great satisfaction, and many tests that have been made prove that the results obtained from the use of these manures for some crops exceed in quantity the production of the same crops raised with stable manure, and that they are much more economical to use than stable manure, is beyond question.

A GENERAL FERTILIZER!
OUR MATFIELD No. 2.

After repeated experiments in the hands of skilled and intelligent farmers for two years, we recommend to our customers with the full confidence that it will meet their wants and give entire satisfaction. For further particulars address

MATFIELD FERTILIZER CO.,
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DARLING'S
FINE BONE AND ANIMAL
FERTILIZER
ARE TH STANDARD.

THIS Fertilizer is applicable to all crops, being very rich in the chemicals required on New England soils; it is available at once and carries the crops through. For

TOP DRESSING
it has no equal.

DARLING'S
Lawn Dressing,
especially prepared for the Lawn, and Flower Grower, in neat packages for House Plants.

TRY THEM!

BONE MEAL for CATTLE,
CHICKEN BONE,
BONE FOR MECHANICAL PURPOSES.
—ALSO—
Pure Beef Scraps, Chicken Feed, &c. &c.

☞ Address the Manufacturers for new Circular of 1881.

L. B. DARLING & CO.,
PAWTUCKET, R. I.

☞ Agents—*PARKER & GANNETT*, Boston and Springfield; *WHITTEMORE BROS., JOS. BRECK & SONS* and *HOVEY & CO.*, Boston. feb5 1ft

CANKER WORMS.

Send for **LOW-PRICED** List (mailed free on application) and see the number of

ROSES

And other RARE PLANTS we sell for $1. Our Greenhouses (covering 3 acres in Glass) are the largest in America.

Peter Henderson & Co,
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PLANTS, — All the New & rare varieties. Prices reasonable. Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

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NO. READING, MASS.
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PLANTS for the million, at prices to suit the times. Send for our illustrated book, "SUCCESS WITH SMALL FRUITS," with a very liberal offer. Catalogue and price list free. Address,

Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York. **E.P.ROE**
mh5-eow4t

White Russian Spring Wheat

AND SANFORD CORN; the best variety for fodder corn.

CHARLES DOLE,
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PEACH TREES, 1 year, all varieties, 1st size $5 per 100, or $40 per 1000; 2 to 4 ft., $4 per 100, or $35 per 1000; 2 to 3 ft., $3 per 100, or $25 per 1000. Also Apple, Pear, Cherry and Small Fruits. Packing free. *Mention this paper.* R. S. JOHNSTON, Stockley, Del.

BERRY CRATES and **BASKETS.** In use 10 years. Best and Cheapest made. Send for Free Circular.
mh5-13t M. D. Batterson, Buffalo, N. Y.

WONDERFUL
BARGAINS!

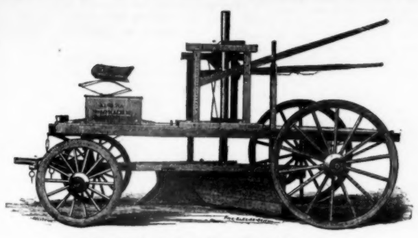
OUR IXL
SWIVEL PLOWS

Are having such an immense sale that we need room to accommodate our Spring Stock of them. To do this we offer a large lot of STANDARD PLOWS of various makes at less than cost. We must have the room they occupy AT ONCE. The stock consists of

Remington Steel Plows,
EAGLE, HOLBROOK'S,
PROUTY & MEARS. &c. &c. &c.

PARKER & CANNETT
BOSTON AND SPRINGFIELD.
Agricultural Tools, Seeds and Wooden Ware.

EUREKA ROAD MACHINE.



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Kimball Bros.,
LITTLETON, MASS.

Admitted by all who have seen it in operation to be by far the best Machine extant. Parties using the Machine claim that it saves from one-half to three-fourths the expense of repairing roads. Please send for Circulars. feb26-17t

SECOND TO NONE.
Soluble Pacific Guano.

Sale in 1865 - - 754 Tons.
" 1880 - 44,700 "

This Fertilizer, which was at first sold almost entirely in the Southern States, has of late years become so deservedly popular in the North, for the cultivation of all Farm Crops, that the Company have enlarged their works especially to supply the Northern demand, and we are now in a position to fill orders promptly. Pamphlets containing testimonials and other information furnished by our local agents, or on application to

GLIDDEN & CURTIS,
GENERAL SELLING AGENTS OF PACIFIC GUANO COMPANY,
feb12-13t BOSTON, MASS.

ORGANS Large Size—Solid Walnut & Octaves; 8 Sets of Reeds, CELESTE—SUB BASS—ECHO, with Coupler and Grand Organ, 9 Stops, 2 Knee Swells. Guaranteed Six Years. Sent on trial. 40,000 sold. Not one dissatisfied Purchaser. Send for Circular. Address MARCHAL & SMITH, 8 West Eleventh Street, New York. **$65**

STOCKBRIDGE MANURES
NOW IS THE TIME TO
TOP DRESS
Grass and Winter Grain
With the Stockbridge, for it will pay, as it costs only $5 to $10 per acre, and hay is worth $30 to $35 per ton.
BOWKER FERTILIZER CO
BOSTON & NEW YORK.
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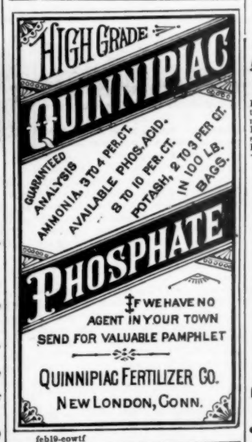

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The Poet's Corner.

THE FIRST TE DEUM.

BY MARGARET A. PRESTON.

'Twas Easter night in Milan, and before
The altar, in the great Basilica,
Saint Ambrose stood. At the baptismal font
The youthful neophyte, Augustine, knelt
His brow still wet; and at his side low bowed
His mother, Monica, her raised eyes strained
With more than earthly rapture, as she breathed
Her *Nunc dimittis Domine*. The words
Of comfort spoken—" Be very sure the child
For whom thou offerest up so many prayers
Shall not be lost " had full accomplishment,
And her tired heart found peace.

Saint Ambrose raised
His hands to Heaven, and on his face there shone
Light such as glorified the prophet's when
An angel from God's altar bare a coal
And touched his lips. With solemn step and slow
He turned to meet Augustine, as he rose
Up from the pavement; and thereon he brake
Forth in ascriptive chant:

" We praise Thee, God,
And we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord!"
Augustine on the instant caught the tone
Of answering exultation:

" All the earth
Doth worship Thee, the Father Everlasting!"
And from the altar-rail came back again
Th' antiphony:

" To Thee all angels cry
Aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein."
And from the font:

" To Thee the Cherubim
And Seraphim continually do cry,
O Holy, Holy, Holy, Thou Lord God
Of Sabbath; heaven and earth are full of all
The glory of Thy Majesty:"

And then
With upward gaze, as if he looked upon
The unnumbered multitudes about the throne,
Saint Ambrose answered with triumphant voice:
" The glorious company of the Apostles—"
" Praise Thee!" brake reverent from Augustine's lips.
" The goodly fellowship of all the Prophets—
" Praise Thee!" " The noble army of the Martyrs—"
" Praise Thee!" And back and forth responsive rolled
The grand antiphonal, until the crowd
That kneeled throughout the vast Basilica
Rose to their feet and toward the altar pressed,
With one strong impulse drawn. The breath of God
Had, to their thought, inspired these mortal lips
To which they listened, held as in a spell
Vatic and wonderful.

And when the last
Response was reached, and the rapt speakers stood
With eyelids dropped, as those who had seen God,
And could not brook at once a mortal face,
Awe-struck, the people bowed their heads and wept,
Then uttered with acclaim, one long " Amen!"

—The Independent.

Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE JUDGE'S NEICE.

LEAVES FROM MRS. BROWNJOHN'S JOURNAL.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

April 18.—I have neglected my diary since I came to spend a few weeks with my dear friends Samuel Tidd and his gentle wife Bessie. What delightful drives and rambles Bessie and I enjoy every afternoon when April's uncertain weather permits.

Yesterday we drove around the neighboring town of Ashville, and on our return through a winding grassy road, we passed by an old deserted mansion, whose gray walls and antique gables were covered with variegated mosses and lichens. Standing in the centre of a weed-grown lawn, the ancient house had a peculiarly desolate aspect. A deathly stillness reigned around broken at intervals by the melancholy solo of a soft-noted thrush, poised on the topmost twig of a venerable elm that seemed to keep sentinel watch before the long-locked doors.

"The old house has a story connected with it," said Mrs. Tidd in answer to my inquiries. "Sam will tell it to you this evening with much pleasure."

Seated around a bright hickory fire in the little snuggery when the tea things had been removed and Bessie had sung her sweet two year old Maisie to sleep, and the giant papa had followed the nurse to the door to press another kiss on his darling's rose-leaf cheek, I waited with interest for my host to begin his recital. I found he had not forgotten his old weakness for "dropping into poetry," and he now began with this prefatory couplet.

" The tale I tell is true, no doubt,
Im mortal—try to find it out."

There was no use in advising him to give up Kate Pepper. He knew of her faults and yet he loved her.

When his fond old father found that the lad was bent upon marrying the judge's neice, as she was usually called, he bowed his head in silent assent, though he had many misgivings that the union would be an ill-assorted one, and that Miss Kate with her haughty and overbearing disposition would be no fit life-partner for his light-hearted boy.

Frank Wyndham was an only son and the youngest child in a family of five sisters. When he was four years old he lost that dearest of all earthly blessings, a good mother. Indulged and petted there were not wanting the usual family prophets who affirmed, with the accompaniment of many wise head-shakes, that the boy would develope into a good-for-nothing man. However, this tender training awakened the best impulses of his nature, and he continued in his riper years, as he had been in immature childhood, affectionate, generous, and considerate. True, he was wanting in energy, but then his life had flowed so smoothly that the absence of this essential quality was scarcely regarded by himself or his family. In his serious moments, when anything troubled or perplexed him, he would hasten for advice, not to his father, who was of an easy temperament like himself, nor to his sisters, but to May Clifton, his cousin. He found in her an able counsellor. Her discreet and thoughtful, energy and perseverance formed the chief traits of her character. He had always called her "little May," and yet she was three years his senior. Short of stature, slender, a very fairy of a woman, and so exceedingly youthful looking, that now in her twenty-third year she appeared to have scarcely reached that charmed age, "sweet sixteen."

In her eighteenth year May lost her widowed mother. Mrs. Clifton left Judge Pepper, the uncle of Miss Kate, trustee of the small property that was to be divided between her three children; while to May she confided the sole care of a young brother and sister. Most nobly did she fulfill her sacred trust. May was not a pretty girl as the term is understood, but she possessed more abiding attractions than mere form and color, being cheerful, sweet-tempered and intelligent. Frank was certainly very fond of her and she of him, and his cousinly attentions for awhile kept other admirers at bay; but a young man's fancies are so changeable and there is no accounting for taste. In all likelihood he would have wed his cousin May Clifton if he had not met with the judge's neice.

From the first Miss Pepper's influence over him was supreme. How he came to know her was in this wise. He had ridden over to Rockhaven one fine morning to transact some business with the judge, who is his younger days was somewhat intimate with John Wyndham, Frank's father. He now showed much interest in the young man, who was at once surprised and pleased at the warmth of his reception, more especially as his father had always seemed to coincide with the opinion of his Ashville friends, who regarded Miss Kate's uncle as a shrewd worldly-minded man with narrow views and still narrower sympathies.

"No, no, boy, you must not think of returning home without dinner; let me see—twelve miles ride—it mustn't be thought *of*," and the judge laid his hand on Frank's shoulder as he added, "Stay and I shall make you acquainted with my neice, a vivacious girl." So Frank's hesitancy to accept the judge's invitation was overcome and his fate was sealed.

Miss Kate was no small attraction at her uncle's table. She was certainly a fine, fresh-looking girl, tall, with a good figure and a round full face. Her complexion was clear, her large dark eyes were bright and restless in their movements and though they often dazzled where they dwelt, they had no depth and no tenderness. A repellant defiance, or haughty indifference, was the usual look that flashed out from under heavy lashes.

When it was rumored in Ashville that Frank Wyndham was paying his addresses to the judge's neice, and how soon such tidbits of news are nibbled by village gossips, an old and trusted friend of John Wyndham's took the young man into his confidence, and with the kindest intentions told him that he never would know happiness again if he married Kate Pepper. She had the reputation, he said, among her friends of having an ungovernable temper, and that the judge was but too eager to get rid of his orphan neice, who, it was whispered, was a constant cause of disturance in his family.

This friendly warning was received as all such advice usually is, and before the end of the week Frank had proposed for the Judge's neice and was accepted.

The engagement was a short one, and was quickly followed by hasty preparations for the wedding.

One after another of the five sisters had married and gone to homes of their own; and for a year or more the young man had been living alone with his father. Aunt Dorcas, the colored cook, who had been in the family for three generations, still hale and hearty had entire charge of the now small household. With grim looks she resented as a personal affront the preparations that were being made for the reception of a new mistress into the quaint old mansion.

New carpets and furniture took the place of old familiar articles, while the walls seemed clothed with strangeness in their pale tints and gay borderings. Considering herself as one of the family she submitted with a bad grace, often murmuring indignantly—"What was good enough for us, ought to be good enough for her."

One sweet May morning, when the birds sang of love on every bough, Frank Wyndham brought home his bride.

Little May looking somewhat pale but seemingly as cheerful as ever, stood among the smiling family group on the porch to welcome to her new home the Judge's niece. Stately and unbending the bride formed a striking contrast to the groom at her side whose joy flushed face and tremulous tones gave a peculiar emphasis to his words, often repeated, "This is the happiest day of my life!"

The sisters seemed pleased and satisfied at the union. They had a secret pride in having so handsome and stylish a sister-in-law, while her relationship to families of wealth and influence in the country, added to her importance in their eyes. They found a sweet contentment, too, in thinking that their brother's future happiness was assured; and though they had now other pets besides their "Baby," as they still lovingly called Frank, that "Baby" continued to be the darling of each one's heart.

Before many weeks had passed Mrs. Pepper Wyndham, as she desired to be called, gave the bride to understand that they must learn to keep their distance, and that her house was not to be invaded by her husband's relations. She pronounced the gentle sisters to be "a band of goody dowdies," while to each she gave a nick-name as an appropriate epithet of ridicule. In short, she scarcely condescended to notice them. When they found that their friendly visits and longer call it home—to escape from your tongue?"

"Beware," she cried, with a menacing shake of her head, "how you give liberty to your speech!"

Frank laughed derisively, thus aggravating her wrath.

"Don't reply to her, my son; you see it only heaps fuel on the fire to do so," whispered his father.

The words had scarcely passed his lips when he received the contents of her coffee cup in his face. Frank sprang from his chair, but his father laid a restraining hand upon his shoulder and kept him from the room. With a dignified and quiet forbearance did John Wyndham receive the many insults heaped upon him by the judge's neice.

At last there came a day when the good old man closed his eyes on this world's trials. He seemed to have no particular disease, but just wasted away like one tired of life, and laid down his weary burden willingly. "Nagged to death," was the brief verdict of his friends and neighbors.

In less than two months after this sad event Frank was seized with a virulent fever, and from the first his physicians gave little hopes of his recovery. His wife hired a nurse to fill the place sacred to love, and did not enter his room again, saying, with a shrug of her ample shoulders, that she would not endanger her valuable life by going near any one with a contagious disease.

Then little May came and asked permission to watch by the unconscious sufferer. The request was unexpectedly and readily granted. So day and night she ministered unto the beloved patient. Her touch alone had a soothing effect, and when her cool soft hand was laid on his burning brow, his wife would cease its restless tossing on the pillow. His sorrowing sisters were often with him now, but in his delirium he turned from them as if irritated by their presence, while May's magnetic influence never failed in its quieting effects.

At sunset one balmy June evening Frank Wyndham woke from a deep slumber fully restored to consciousness. Weak and exhausted, he did not move, but lay there calling the past and gradually feeling to his heart's core that for him there would be no future—that his life was ebbing away. The windows were open to admit the air. A breeze blew in and wafted to his fainting senses a familiar perfume that almost miraculous awakener of buried memories and forgotten associations—and now it was the scent of the roses blooming on the plot beneath his—filled his soul with visions of the days that dawn no more. He turned his eyes towards the casement and saw beyond the smiling landscape, so familiar and yet so strange while beheld for the last time—he felt it to be so, and blinding tears rose and shut out the green hills that were the delight of his bright boyhood. Anon he heard the twitter of young birds and the piping of the dear old robins on the great elm outside the window that shook its leafy garniture in the mellow light, flinging troops of flickering shadows on the walls of the apartment.

"Can it be that I am passing away?" he thought, as sight and sound so sweet came with a soothing charm to his dying eyes and ears, while he lay there statue-still.

A slight little figure clothed in cool white moved lightly across the room and paused by the window. A sad sweet face was lifted towards the skies. That face shut out all earthly sights for him now,—he seemed to have caught a glimpse of that heaven to which he was hastening. His feebly pulsing heart throbbed faster. Ah, could I but live my life over again—was the vain cry that sorrow stifled in his soul. That cry that ever comes too late. He knew now the mistake of his life. He knew now that the love of his boyhood was the love that would have been his salvation, brightening all his existence and lifting him up to noble action and endeavor, and now, even now, in the few measured moments of his existence, the reflection of what he had lost, slighted for a passing fancy, filled him with a strange self-resentment. He looked long and lovingly at May and seemed to gain strength in doing so.

"Too late—too late!"

She heard his heart broken sigh, and turning saw with a thrill of hope, and gratitude intelligence in his look. She bent over him.

"Little May," he said, faintly turning loving eyes towards her, "I am glad that it is not my wife!"

She laid her finger on his lips and folded the wasted hands together in the attitude of prayer. He understood her and tears gushed from his eyes. Silence followed—May mutely petitioning for the soul about to depart to its God—and he rapt in the mysterious and divine communism of prayer.

In a little while Frank looked at her again.

"God bless you," he whispered, "you always did me good. My wife—no, I'll not reproach her now. I forgive her, and may God forgive her for all the misery she has brought under this roof." His voice grew stronger as he went on. "My child—my little treasure—I wish that some one *else* would bring her up besides her mother. O, May! what a true woman she would become under your care—promise me that you will be to her a mother."

"I promise," she sobbed.

"He closed his eyes while a radiant look shone on his death-white face. In a moment more he turned his face towards the light and rested his gaze on the departing sun sinking slowly behind the hills.

"May—I am going—pray for me!"

She was on her knees, her face buried in her hands. When she lifted her head again she was alone.

At the funeral the judge's neice appeared covered with crape and bowed with sorrow. At the last supreme moment when all that was earthly of Frank Wyndham was being consigned to an untimely grave, the irrepressible sobs of the bereaved widow were the only sounds heard amid the silent and reverent concourse. A stranger, who had entered the churchyard during the last sad rites, appeared deeply touched when a bowed form in black was led away from the remorseless grave, and tears of sympathy stood in his eyes, while she wailed aloud "My husband—O, my darling husband!"

A week later and the old homestead passed into the hands of strangers. Mrs. Kate Pepper Wyndham sold all that her husband possessed, and not a memento of him whose life she had blighted found a place amid the bulky baggage that followed her to the railroad station when she left Ashville forever.

Her uncle, Judge Pepper, had long since removed with his family to California, and thither she had decided to follow him. Before her departure and with evident satisfaction, she consented to May Clifton's adoption of her unchersished child, parting from her with this exhortation, unaccompanied with a kiss or caress:

"Good bye, Grace; never forget that your mother is a born lady. Let your aim in life be to rise to her level."

Before her widow's weeds were discarded the judge found another husband for his neice, and on the shores of the far Pacific she rules over an unhappy household.

May Clifton never married. The years went on and her young sister grew up and was wooed and won and happily wed, while her brother was a rising physician in his native town. One day when sweet Grace Windham was seventeen she became the bride of young Dr. Clifton.

Shortly after she received a letter from her mother, who conscientiously wrote her a few words of advice once a year.

The blue eyes of the gentle Grace opened wider as she read the conclusion of the brief epistle. "Always be the ruler in your own house—and let tyrannical man learn that you are his superior in all things. Your father had to con that unsavory lesson day by day—and your stepfather is well acquainted with its meaning by this time."

"What do *you* say, sweet aunty?" asked Grace, placing the letter in May's hand. "I have always been guided by you alone —you who have been more to me than a mother—my mother," she added, sighing.

"Love, honor and obey your husband, is all that I can say, darling," answered the little lady, who still looked wonderfully young, even beside the blooming bride. "But here is Robert, and question him."

She did so, her sunny head resting on his shoulder. His answer, he said, would be a kiss of subjection to her sweet will in all things.

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything,
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones
Who all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one "I'll try!"

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
"Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk, where'ere you be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

A THRILLING STORY.

HOW A CHICAGO MAN ESCAPED FROM A REBEL PRISON.

[Correspondence of Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

The following is a true story of my escape from a rebel prison:

On the night of November 28, 1864, I was one of a party of nine Union officers confined in prison at Columbia, S. C., who secured freedom by running the guard and taking to the woods. It was soon after dark, and, knowing that the enemy were searching the country adjacent to the prison, we proceeded cautiously along a patch partially hidden by the undergrowth, intending to reach the highway some distance from Columbia. Suddenly we heard a noise as of approaching footsteps. We lay down quickly and quietly near the path, as we had no time to go farther away. Soon there came into view eight rebel soldiers marching along in single file and heading for us. We thought it was all up with us, but not a man uttered as we lay silently on our backs. Our hearts beat audibly, and, had the soldiers halted, they could almost have heard them; but Providence designed otherwise. On they passed, and so near that I could, by reaching out my arm, have touched them.

When the danger was over we very promptly evacuated our position. Our plan was to reach the Congaree river, about ten miles from prison, secure a boat and float down to the ocean. The rest of that night we spent in marching. But we were free. Some of us had been prisoners of war from fourteen to eighteen months (myself fourteen), and our enjoyment of the change was intense. None but they who have been similarly situated can truly appreciate our feelings.

The next day we lay in a patch of woods on the outskirts of a village, but we did not know the dangerous surroundings until daylight. So close by were the houses that we momentarily expected to be discovered by man or dog. Therefore, we lay quiet all day, the pangs of hunger increasing as the hours slowly fled. Welcome night came at last.

Under the cover of darkness we crawled from our hiding-place and went our way, countermarching back toward Columbia to find a road leading to the river. On the way we passed a white man on horseback, who, however, did not interfere. Soon after our hunger was so great that everyone became so weak as to be hardly able to walk. We must have food. I volunteered to find it, while the rest of the party waited to see the result. The time had come to try the loyalty and hospitality of our friends, the blacks. And I might say here, that during the next ten days and nights of toilsome adventure, the black man never failed to feed and aid us. I soon found a country road leading toward a plantation house. Down this road I went and presently came up to a collection of negro huts, while not far away was the planter's home. I cautiously approached one of the huts, and through a chink in the logs I saw a fine specimen of a daughter of Ham, sitting by an open fireplace, over which hung on a hook an iron pot. The savory odor told me that meat was there. I thought no more of caution. Springing over a low fence, in I went.

Imagine the surprise of that woman as the apparition of a Yankee officer in well-worn uniform burst thus suddenly upon her view. With uplifted hands and rolling eyes she looked, but fainted not. My explanation was soon made, and a piece of hot meat with corn pone put before me by my friend.

Matters were soon arranged. I returned and brought up the half-famished party, which was then concealed near by in the woods. Mr. and Mrs. Crow came out with about half a bushel of boiled yams, two gallons of rice, and a few slices of bacon. No dishes—but every man dived in to his elbows. In a few minutes the royal feast was done, and I have not since enjoyed one more than that.

Fortunately we had a little Confederate money, which we put in circulation, told them Sherman was coming, and after getting all the information we could, bade this honest couple good night and many blessings. We marched on, but with lighter hearts. Toward daylight we came to a dense swamp, through which we waded for some distance. The tangled mass of briar-root, water and mud made this part of the trip rather dull.

Finally, coming to a dry place, we laid down and waited for day. We had no blankets, no clothing scarcely—no shoes—but we were free.

Just before daybreak, Captain Dennis went out to find another friendly black man. He was successful. About 9 A. M. down came our new friend in great haste to warn us of danger. Our tracks had been seen, and the bloodhounds were to be put on them. But "Joe" told us to follow him, which we promptly did in single file, tracking each other to an old barn near the swamp. This was a tumble-down affair, seldom used now full of hay. "Joe" brought in some persimmons, and we anxiously waited the fortune of war. By-and-by the hoarse baying of the bloodhounds was heard, and presently they came into view on the road we had taken to the swamp. Closely following were armed men on horseback. It looked a little dubious for us.

There was a long suspense while we lay in the barn watching through the cracks, but the pursuing party passed out of sight, and we heard no more for some time. Finally "Joe" slipped in and informed us that they had given up the chase—the dogs having lost the scent where we went into the water. There was considerable suppressed joy in our retreat, which was shared by "Joe" as well as the rest.

That night we slept in the barn, as there was no boat on the river, a mile distant. To proceed on foot we could not. We slept warmly in the hay, and before light the next morning "Joe" came and conducted us to the swamp to us for a hiding-place as one could wish. Here we spent the day. After dark our faithful friend again appeared; this time he brought his mule. He said a boat was ready, and so we gladly left the swamp, and while "Joe" rode his mule we kept our line of march on his flank at some little distance. After an hour's walking we came to the river. There lay the ark of safety.

With grateful feelings we parted from "Joe," untied the chain holding the boat, and slowly floated out on the river, destined to carry us, after many adventures, to the sea. Our boat was about fifty feet long and twelve feet wide, built of hewed pitch pine. We had two big oars and by working these not only increased our speed but kept making a deflection amounting to about a half angle, never more. But I cannot agree with Mr. Whitman, who estimates the length of their leap to be as much as 800, or even 1,200 feet. I opine that about 200 feet is a pretty big jump for one of these fishes, and instead of 40 seconds I calculate the time occupied in a long leap at 15 seconds, which gives a velocity of nine miles and a fraction per hour.

A MARRIAGE AND A WILL.

"The young scoundrel!" shouted Uncle Philip, waving a sheet of note-paper frantically in the air. "Not one cent of my money shall he have! I'll send for my lawyer this instant, and after my will I'll—I'll—confound it! perhaps my old eyes have deceived me. I'll send for Ethel, and see."

He sat down and rang the bell violently.

"My niece," he said shortly, to the servant, and buried himself again in the letter, oblivious to the fellow's bewilderment.

Happily, at this moment, the desired personage floated in, with a jaunty hat set back on her wind-tossed curls, and her fair young face all aglow with good spirits and healthful exercise. It was not an easy task—even for old Uncle Philip—to dash all that bloom and brightness aside, perhaps forever.

"My dear," he commenced, feebly, "I—I —Confound the young reprobate! He was not worthy of you."

The young girl put a pair of soft arms around his neck, and murmured some cooing words, meanwhile letting one white hand wander slowly but surely toward the letter. A moment later, she held it triumphantly out of his reach, and with a merry laugh, plunged into its contents.

Uncle Philip watched her, half-curiously, half-despairingly, as she read, but when she turned the page, he turned away with a heart-felt groan.

"It's come!" he gasped, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "For the Lord's sake, Ethel, don't faint!"

Ethel did not faint, but all the bloom vanished from the sweet face, and the letter fell from her shaking hand.

It had only been one brief paragraph—

"DEAR UNCLE:—I married the daughter of your old friend, Mr. Richards, last night, and I can truthfully say that I have never seen a fairer or sweeter bride."

That was all, but was it not enough, when not two months before, the writer had placed with his own hands, a sparkling engagement ring on little Ethel Sherwood's finger? It glittered there now; but Ethel drew it off, with a look like a wounded animal in her brown eyes. She sent it to him with her congratulations and not one word of reproach. But not so with Uncle Philip. He gave his nephew a piece of his mind, and, the next day, mailed it into his library and shoved her his new will.

"Everything goes to you, my dear," he said, chuckling complacently. "As for that dishonorable rascal of a nephew, let him take his fair bride to his sanctimonious father. I wash my hands of them both."

"O, uncle!" faltered poor, tender-hearted Ethel, imploringly; and then she stopped, stifled by her own tears.

"Well, what now?" queried Uncle Philip, resignedly. "Women never are satisfied. Speak up, my dear, speak up."

"If you would only forgive him!" said Ethel, pleadingly. "Perhaps he loved Mr. Richard's daughter—"

"Love be ——!" broke in Uncle Philip, explosively. "I beg your pardon," he added, with a low bow to Ethel, "for dishonor. He talked to you of love when he was here."

Ethel winced perceptibly.

"He can never get along without your help," she continued. "His father's salary is so very small."

"I know it," said the old man, grimly; "and I am glad of it. Why didn't he take my advice."

"He is your only brother," pleaded Ethel, piteously.

Uncle Philip blew his nose with savage emotion.

"I told him that I'd wash my hands of him if he adopted the ministry for a profession," he growled, "and I kept my word."

"But you'll forgive his son," said Ethel, coaxingly; "O, Uncle Philip! You'll forgive Walter—I mean Mr. Clifton—for my sake?"

"No, I will not," replied the old gentleman, emphatically. "The dishonorable hound! The miserable scamp! My money goes to you—I'll not leave him a cent!"

Ethel drew her graceful figure up to its full height. Her dark eyes were flashing ominously, and her pale face was full of scorn.

"Do you think I will take your money?" she asked. "Is your niece a boy adoption—to rob your own brother's son? If you will not leave it to them, you cannot leave it to me; for I refuse to take it. I thank you for all that you have done for me; but when you are dead, I will not have your money. I would sooner die than touch one cent!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old man. "So you would not have my money, would you? That is a joke, to be proud! I admire your spirit, my dear girl, but you cannot help yourself. I shall leave it to you whether you will or no." And he indulged in another hearty laugh.

That night Uncle Philip died—"of heart disease," the doctor said, "caused by too much excitement."

About a week after his death, the chief mourners gathered in the great, oak-paneled library, to hear the reading of the will. The lawyer rattled the papers on the desk with nervous fingers, and a dead silence had fallen upon the anxious-faced group. It was evident that they were awaiting some one. Suddenly a tall, determined looking young man arose. With a brief apology he left the room, and inquired of a servant for Miss Sherwood. He was told that she was in her boudoir, and hastened there, but for a moment stood petrified in the doorway. Ethel was standing with her face half turned toward him, by a secret panel that she had just slid back from the cold, wainscoated wall. In her hand she held a sealed document, to which she was about applying a lighted match.

"It is the safest way," she muttered. "He is gone, and they will never know."

Suddenly the already scorched paper was snatched from her hand. With a cry she turned, and saw her false lover, Walter Clifton. For a moment he stood looking at her in horrified silence, and then he broke out in a torrent of passionate, angry words.

"So this is why you sent me my ring!" he said, hoarsely. "You feared the old man might disinherit me, and you forgot your honor in your greed for gold. Take the will," and he flung it at her feet, "and the gold, if it will serve to satisfy your false heart."

He turned on his heel and was about to leave the room, but on second thought came back.

"I came here to make an explanation," he said, coldly, "and even your falseness shall not deter me from clearing my own honor."

He waited a moment for her to speak, but she stood there with still lips and tightly clasped hand.

"Knowing my uncle to be opposed, for some reason, to my father's profession," he continued, "I never thought it necessary to mention the fact that I was following the same calling. In my last letter to him I thoughtlessly remarked that I had married the daughter of his old friend, meaning that I had read the marriage service over her. I hope you understand."

He would have said more, but the girl's white face alarmed him. The last startling announcement had been too much for her; clasping her hands, she swooned away.

The young man rang peremptorily for her maid, and then, not daring to trust himself in her presence longer, rushed away.

"Miss Sherwood is ill," he explained to the impatient assembly in the room below. But a moment later the brisk little maid rushed in, her cap all awry, and the scorching document held tightly in her hand. The lawyer's eyes sparkled as he took it.

"It's the missing will," he said, and then he checked himself, and sent orders for Miss Sherwood to make her appearance if it was possible for her to come. Ten minutes more, and the trembling, white-faced young girl was almost carried in.

The lawyer stood up, with a preliminary cough that was echoed by an impatient murmur through the room.

There was the ordinary clauses and legal appendages rattled off in the ordinary legal style, and then the orator came to the pith of the will. The old gentleman had left all his personal property, excepting a few trifling legacies to distant relatives, to his adopted niece, Ethel Sherwood.

There was a dead silence for a moment after the sonorous voice of the lawyer ceased. Then a tall young fellow arose and made his way through the mourners to the side of the newly-made heiress.

"Ethel," he said, "I've been a brute. Can you ever forgive me?"

And Ethel hid her happy face on his shoulder; and, not long after, the young minister was married in reality. So there were two marriages and a will.—*Selected.*

"APRILLE."

She walked across the fields, ice-bound,
Like some shy, sunny hint of spring,
And stooping suddenly, she found
A violet—a dainty thing,
Which shunned the chilly light of day
Until sweet "Aprille" came that way.

They knew each other, girl and flower;
There was some subtle bond between;
And I had walked that very hour,
The fields, and had no violet seen;
For me the winter landscape lay
All blossomless and black and gray.

They knew me not, blue flower, blue eyes;
She, careless, passed me when we met;
The tender glance which I would prize
Above all things, the violet
Received; and I went on my way,
Companioned with the cheerless day.

From wintry days blue violets shrink;
From wintry lives blue eyes will turn;
And yet if she, I sometimes think,
Could smile on me with sweet concern,
One life so like this wintry day
Would spring-time be for aye and aye.

—T. H. Robertson, in Harper's Magazine for May.

WHATEVER IS BEAUTIFUL IS REFINING.—Whether in Nature or in art, the presence of the beautiful softens and purifies. But let no young lady fall into the blunder of supposing that only that which is expensive can ever be beautiful. It is labor, care, skill, an artistic eye, and a refined taste that beautify. Whether in home, or in dress, in speech or in manners, money is not the main thing which provides the beautiful. The dowdy apparel of many a slattern has cost more money by far than the neat and beautiful garb of her indigent but orderly neighbor.

Anecdotes.

☞ "I don't so much mind," said Mr. Henpeck—"I don't so much mind a woman's having a mind of her own, except that in such a case she usually takes charge of her husband's, also."

☞ "Hole on dar," said a colored man, hailing an acquaintance. "Does yer cross de street ebery time yer sees me ter keep from payin' dat bill?" "No, I doesn't." "What fur, den?" "Ter keep from bein' axed fur it."

☞ A gushing young lady who purchased a bottle of Dr. Quaque's health bitters—none genuine unless the doctor's name is blown on the wrapper—sent him the following testimonial: "I think your bitters are too awfully lovely! After taking half a bottle I could sleep until 9 o'clock in the morning, while ma was getting breakfast ready. My health is just too sweet for anything, and your delightful medicines are just too supremely nice," etc.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ "Pa, what is ensilage?" "Why—h'm—ensilage, my son, is—ur—ensilage is—oh, something like mucilage, my son; something like mucilage; used to stick things together, you know. There now, run away to your play, and don't disturb me now." And that boy thinks his pa is a very encyclopedia of wisdom. Happy child! Ere many years have elapsed, the boy will think he knows everything and his pa nothing! Happy childhood!—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ Old Mose met Jim Webster: "Jim," said the old man, "which am de fastest trabbeler you eber heerd tell about?" "Dey say dat de ray of light trabbles more den 200,000 miles a second, but I nebber timed it myself," replied Jim. "Dar's a man in Galveston what can gib de ray ob light 50 yards start and beat it wust kind." "G'way, old man. Lyin' is ketchen, and I hain't been vaccinated since de wah." "Hit am jess so as I tole yer. Gabe Snodgrass, what owes me four mumfs back rent can out-trabble de light." "Did yer see him do it?" "I went to de front door, and jess as de ray ob light do front doah I seed Gabe slide out de back doah. 'Is Gabe at home?' says I. 'He's done gone to Houston,' says she. Hit am 50 miles to Houston, and he must hab made de trip while I was alookin' at him slide out de back doah. Jess fetch on yer ray ob light, and ef it don't hab to hump hitsalf to catch up wid Gabe Snodgrass when I comes for de back rent, den I'se a fool—dat's all."—*Galveston News.*

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